THE HULLABALOO .



NINETY-FOUR.





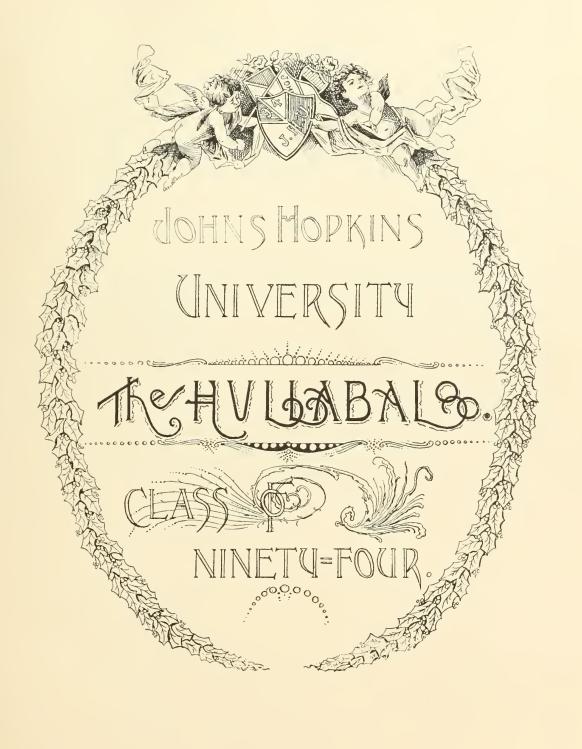


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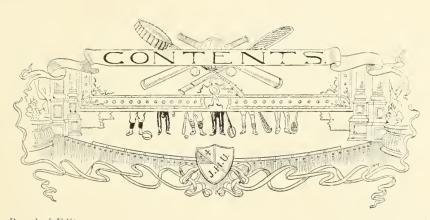


Wah, Hoo, Wah! Wah, Hoo, Wah! Hopkins, '94! Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Johnny! Rah, Hop! Rah, Johnny Hopkins! Hurrah, Hurrah! Black! Blue! Hopkins! Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
Hoo, Wah, Hoo!
Hoo, Wah, Hoo, Wah!
J. H. U.

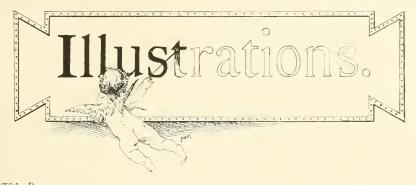
Hullabaloo! Canuck! Canuck! Hullabaloo! Canuck! Canuck! Hurrah! Hurrah! J. H. U.!

Hi! Yi! Yi!—Ha! Ha! Ha! Hopkins! '95! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hullabaloo! Hullabalix! Hopkins! Hopkins! '96!



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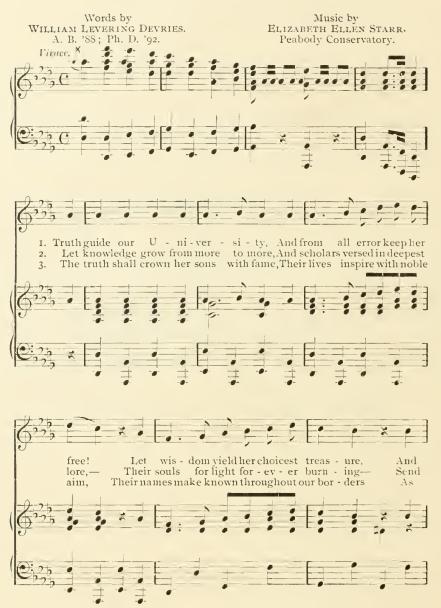
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Preface.

"Goe, lyttle Calendar! thou hast a free passeporte;
Goe but a lowly gate emongst the meaner sort."

These words of the poet Spenser will express the feeling with which we offer to the University world our "Hullabaloo" for '94. True, we are not issuing a "Calendar" in the sense in which the poet used that word; yet, in one sense, we may be said to be issuing a "Calendar," for the appearance of each succeeding Annual marks the close of another academic year and announces the fact that another class is about to leave its Alma Mater. And now it is the time for us of '94 to go. Humbly and reverentially we send thee forth, "lyttle calendar," trusting by thy means to cause many a smile, to banish many a frown. No doubt we have said many harsh things, but they are all spoken in the spirit of jest, and we have dealt our blows impartially.





PROF. WILLIAM K. BROOKS.

HOW COLLEGE GRADUATES MAY PROMOTE SCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM K. BROOKS.

VERY instructor who is an investigator lives in hope that each year there may be among his students one whose mind may become "as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world, and joyful to receive the impressions thereof, as the eye joyeth to receive light, and not only delighted in beholding the variety of things, but raised also to find out and discover the ordinances and decrees, which throughout all these changes are infallibly observed."

The eye to see nature as it is, and to find hidden truths which we accept as if we had known them before, with wonder, like the critics of Columbus, that the discovery was not made long ago, is a rare and precious gift, like the genius of the poet.

The grandest work of a university is, once or twice in a century, to make the way smooth for one born to this great birth-right, that he may "give a true account of his gift, to the benefit and use of man."

Most of us must promote science in humble stations, some as teachers, some as students of the lesser problems, and some in still other useful service.

In that wonderful essay "On the Advancement of Learning" which I have quoted, and which all should read, not once or twice, but many times, Bacon shows what kings and princes may do to promote science. Our task is harder: to keep the lamp burning and illuminating the distant regions of unknown truth, without the aid of paternal government.

In our society, the only common standard is democratic public opinion. While we all hope that this is destined to become more pure and lofty and disinterested than the common standard of any other race, it must always fall below the best.

Practical application of science to the service of man is already rewarded as never before. Its importance in professional training is fully recognized. Our people are not indifferent to its educational value, nor to the variety and delight of that source of pleasure where there is no satiety, but an appetite which increases with its gratification.

All this is not enough to promote science. A still broader culture

is needed to see that all this practical advantage ceases so soon as it is made an aim; and that it "diverteth and interrupteth the promotion and advancement of knowledge like unto the golden ball thrown before Atalanta which, while she goeth aside and stoopeth to pick up, the race is hindered."

You, the college graduate, can do good service by teaching this truth, for the investigator must look to you and not to the common standard of our people for sympathy and encouragement. All men prize the fruit; you must tell them that the tree will soon be barren if they visit it only at the harvest; that they must dig about it and nourish it and cherish the flowers and green leaves.

The claim of science to support must rest on her benefits, but her temple is the laboratory, not the patent office. Wisdom is justified in her children, and scatters her gifts with a lavish hand, but he who remembers her only in his need, and seeks her to ask help, will find that she demands reverence and loving service as well as dependence, and will soon be sent empty away.

No race that has ever lived has reached this lofty conception, and if you do not give the support of your educated sympathy, the gifts of science will soon come to an end, for they are like health, which comes to him who does not seek it, but flies farther and farther from him who would lure it back by physic and indulgence.

Let us see how it fared with science at the hands of the most intellectual and cultivated democracy the world has known. At the time of Plato and Socrates and Phideas, Athenian life was thoroughly democratic, and all the arts which readily excite the admiration of men had reached their highest excellence. When they met in the market place, the national games, or the public assembly, the people talked of art or ethics or philosophy, or they listened to works of literature compared with which the contents of a railway book stall, or a Sunday paper rank but little above the productions of savages.

If we accept this comparison as a gauge of intellectual calibre we must also accept with humility Galton's mathematical computation which shows that "the average ability of the Athenian race is, on the lowest estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own—that is about as much as that of our race is above that of the African negro."

Socrates taught in the market to all who chose to listen; Sophocles was made a general because of the popularity of his plays, and we are told that the people listened spell-bound while Herodotus chanted his history, which is longer than a speech on the "silver bill."

Every citizen was in some measure capable of judging all forms of art, and he assumed ability to judge all other matters, forgetting that

nature, external to the mind of man, may be a higher tribunal than the cultivated instincts of an Athenian. While public opinion was generous and sympathetic within the limits which it imposed, the approval of the whole State was essential to success, and outside this limit the way of the transgressor was hard. History has preserved the names of three scientists of the Athenian school. Callisthenes died in prison and probably under torture; Theophrastus was tried for his life upon a charge of impiety, and we are told that a death sentence was passed upon the fugitive Aristotle; who, calm philosopher as he was, shared to some degree this democratic intolerance, for he says in his ethics that a man who is virtuous beyond his neighbors is as much a monster as one who is phenomenally wicked, and that excessive goodness, like the grotesque in art, is too abnormal to be pleasing or admirable.

While so eminently fitted for developing intellectual brilliancy, Athenian democratic society was hostile to intellectual liberty. Sciences which counted all the wit of Aristophanes, the persuasive eloquence of Socrates, the oratory of Demosthenes, or even the adored philosophy of Plato as nothing, when opposed to facts, must have met indifference or contempt while obscure, and aversion and hostility, if obtrusive.

As we look back over the path of science we see it stretching for more than two thousand years through a dreary waste, where only one traveler, a giant of heroic mould, finds his way and joins the culture of Athens to the science of the modern world. During the middle ages Aristotle was without a rival, supreme. To him almost belongs the credit of saving men from barbarism. To him, or to his influence, it is also due that for so many centuries the men of the modern world were turned away from the path which leads to progress in science.

What a strange and contradicting history! What does it mean?

His works fall into two groups, so different that their common basis is hard to find. In one are those treatises which deal, one way or another, with the art of influencing man, by logical argument, by rhetoric, by oratory or by poetry. While these works were long known as his "practical" or "productive" philosophy, Bacon has shown that the unfruitfulness of modern science for centuries was due to them.

In his "speculative" works Aristotle turns from the microcosm to the greater world of nature, no longer as a teacher but as a learner, and wanders over the meadows and hill-sides with all the fresh enthusiasm of a child. He wades among the rocks at low tide and studies the habits of hermit crabs. He dissects the sharks and the skates which he finds in the nets of the fishermen, and gathering the eggs of Cephalopods he keeps them in aquaria, watching that marvelous process by which the structure of a complicated animal is unfolded step by step from its simple starting point, and illustrating the successive stages by drawings, which are shown by his references to have been both original and accurate.

He goes with the fishermen to their nets and traps; learns their methods; and as they tell him of the life of whales and dolphins, he listens humbly, although they are poor slaves with none of the cultivated instincts of Athenian citizens. He learns all they have to tell him, and finds out, for himself, many secrets which naturalists of the nineteenth century have won honors by rediscovering. His writings on nature are not finished works like those in logic: they are crude and imperfect, and full of short-comings, as all science still is, and must be; but they laid the foundation for science, in the study of the world as it exists outside ourselves, and to them we owe it that nature did not vanish utterly from the sight of man during the dark ages.

How came the works of the same man to differ so greatly in aim and method, and in their influence on human progress?

Aristotle lived at a time of transition; at the end of an order which was passing away and the beginning of one to come. His "productive" philosophy, which takes no account of nature but centres about man, was the fruit of Athenian democracy, while we owe to Macedonian paternalism his studies of that greater world where man has no supremacy except his power to learn and to interpret.

We have outgrown paternalism, and found that we can do its work better ourselves, but the history of Athens teaches that, however enlightened and liberal we may become as a people, pure science may still have to look elsewhere for encouragement. What nobler task can our college graduates undertake than to teach that, while the benefits which science confers are its only claims to our support, these benefits will cease as soon as they are made an end or aim.

"If men judge that learning should be referred to action they judge well, but in this they fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle because it neither performed the office of motion as the limbs do, nor of sense as the head doth, but yet notwithstanding it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest; so if any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are from thence served and supplied."

Science has no claim to support except as it contributes to man's service or to his improvement: as it has practical application, or as it adds to the innocent pleasures or to the ennobling resources of life. Bacon tells us that we must not seek in knowledge a shop for profit and

sale, but a rich structure for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate, and a thoughtful community will cherish the student who can take us by the hand and lead us into that delightful fairy land where the eye is never satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing, and it will have no feeling but reverence for him who can teach us a little of these grand and awful laws through which the cosmos is moving onwards and working out its mysterious destiny. He who can

"Wander away, and away
With nature that dear old nurse
Who sings to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe,"

must often pass far beyond our sight, nor, so long as he does not forget his duty to us, should we dare to arrest him by rude and clumsy suggestions which can cause nothing but a tumble, although history shows that these lofty flights are not incompatible with service to man.

The Florentine peasant, who in far off Italy before the day of Columbus saw with a prophet's eye so much of the path along which Galileo and Newton and Lyell and Darwin were to lead the modern world, must have passed most of his spiritual life alone. When he

"Dipped into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,"

there was no one to whom he could tell his story of the astronomy and the physics and the geology which were to be in these later days; yet he gave us the wheel-barrow and the Last Supper, the camera of the amateur photographer and the Mona Lisa.

We must encourage pure science and the search for truths too profound to be "practical" in any material sense, or even generally intelligible, but no weak and foolish brother of the laboratory should be permitted to infer that he belongs to a favored class, or has any claim to support except for service rendered.

He who, for his own pleasure or distinction, spends his life in fields which yield nothing except the interest of the exploration, must look to his pleasure for his reward, since science is no more exalted by turning it into an aristocratic and exclusive pleasure ground, than by making it a shop for profit.

"As both heaven and earth contribute to the use and benefit of man, so the end ought to be . . . to separate and reject vain speculation and whatever is empty and void, and to augment whatever is solid and fruitful that knowledge may be not as a courtesan for pleasure and vanity only, or as a bondwoman to acquire and gain for her master's use, but as a spouse for generation, fruit and comfort."

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Wah! Hoo! Wah!—Wah! Hoo! Wah! Hopkins!—Ninety-four! Rah! Rah! Rah!

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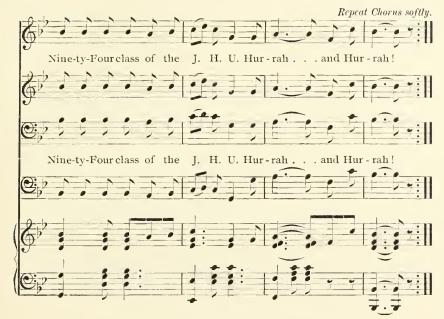


NINETY-FOUR CLASS SONG.









- 2 The cannons of logic in front of us roar, Their brain racking contents upon us they pour, Yet, onward with courage undaunted we go To turn the same guns on the back of the foe.
- CHO.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for the brave and the true,
 The Ninety-Four class of the J. H. U.
 Hurrah and Hurrah! [Repeat softly.]
- 3 With visions beclouded with classical smoke, On fumes from the "Lab." almost ready to choke; Still buoyant in hope as bright glimpses we see Of Truth in her purity making us free.
- Cho.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for the brave and the true,
 The Ninety-Four class of the J. H. U.
 Hurrah and Hurrah! [Repeat softly.]
- 4 Let Harvard and Princeton still boast of their age, And point to bright records on history's page; But Hopkins is strong in the days of her youth, A fountain perpetual of wisdom and truth.
- CHO.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for the brave and the true,
 The Ninety-Four class of the J. H. U.
 Hurrah and Hurrah! [Repeat softly.]
- 5 Three cheers for the shield of the black and the blue; Three cheers for our glorious J. H. U. The pride of our fond hearts, oh! long may she stand, In learning and honor the first in the land.
- CHO.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for the brave and the true,
 The Ninety-Four class is the J. H. U.
 Hurrah and Hurrah! [Repeat softly.]

NINETY=FOUR CLASS POEM.

At last our weary, weary course is almost run,
Three cycles more of rolling spheres forever gone;
But now that all their trying scenes are safely o'er,
They seem like tiny whirlpools round some rocky shore,
In Time's wide heaving ocean lost to rise no more.
Seen from this mountain top of conflicts dearly won,
Tinged by the glory of our three years' setting sun,
Rich, golden robes those long and toilsome hours enshroud,
Like the blush of summer sunset on a gloomy cloud.
Oftentimes in memory's mystic train arrayed,
Each scene of those eventful years afresh displayed;
The pleasures will appear as pleasures still,
Well purged by Father Time from all attending ill;
While over all Experience holds her learned sway,
And wisely points us to the better way.

A glorious vision greets our mental sight,
As on this lofty height we take our stand,
To scan with fancy's eye of proud delight
The phantom beauties of the future land.

Life's morning landscape glows with orient blush,
Where hope and joy and fancy hold their sway;
Aurora now portrays with magic brush,
The ruddy finger tips of coming day.

Above us rise the peaks of fair renown,

Bright with the rising splendor of the East,

Whose rugged steeps and glistening snow-white crown,

Firm and ambitious hearts alone can breast.

Green, smiling valleys with their silvery streams,
And glittering spires 'midst shady groves of ease;
Imagination's bright, alluring dreams,
The eye of youthful indolence to please.

Below us roll the ever swelling waves,—
The vast eternal sea of human life,
Yielding its countless wealth to him who braves
With firm and dauntless soul her busy strife.

What thronging thoughts in language unexpressed!
What buoyant impulse, lofty plans untold!
What high ambition surges in each breast!
As gazing we such glorious scenes behold.

Think not we trust to fancy's flowery ways;

Our hearts are strong, our intellects prepared
Through many patient, long, laborious days

To do and dare as other men have dared.

The rarest, best and most enduring boons,
That gladden and ennoble life and thought,
Flow not, nor ebb with Fortune's changeful moons,
But come to those by whom 'tis bravely sought.

To-day our Reverend Mother stoops to place A coronet upon our bended heads; Truth's diadem of beauty and of grace; Which, rightly used, increasing glory sheds.

Long live and thrive our Alma Mater's name,
By Wisdom's chosen deputies controlled!
Blessings on those to whom she owes her fame,—
Our Head and honored Faculty enrolled!

Now brave and noble comrades, loved and true, Wise, witty, worthy class of Ninety-four, My heart is loath to bid you all adieu, To think that we will meet in class no more.

Within my breast the warm desire burns,
That you a happy life with honor close,
With trophies heaped on earth's time-honored urns,
'Midst joyful tears of friends, and softened thought of foes.

CLASS HISTORY.

"IVords, words, words."—HAMLET.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The class historian desires to acknowledge his especial indebtedness to the late Prof. E. A. Freeman, Hon. D. C. L. and LL. D. That gentleman spared neither time nor labor to aid the writer, and his thorough scholarship has constantly contributed suggestions which have been of the greatest value in the preparation of this work.

HE history of the class of Ninety-four in the Johns Hopkins University must be likened to the history of a prematurely bright and cheerful day in Spring—it is very far ahead of anything that preceded it, and not likely to be equalled by anything that may follow for a century, at least. Should any skeptic in any evil moment doubt this, we can, by the Method of Difference, prove it to be an absolute certainty—a live, stubborn fact and "an extremely important fact, gintlemen."

Our introduction to the Varsity was quite formal—all in writing. It took place—who does not remember it?—in the Gym, whither we were ushered one fine morning. We found it so very attractive that we continued to go there for two more days. The professors thought us extremely instructive and entertaining and wanted to learn all they could by asking us questions on innumerable subjects. We answered them—some of them, at least.

Naturally, some of the boys fell victims to "that tired feeling," and after the three days of mental gymnastics were over, they left the University and vowed that they would never return to a place which seemed to them one huge interrogation point.

When, however, the Faculty had sized up the crowd that entered in the Fall of '91, every department in the University "took a brace"; the various professors, exercising their far-famed powers of judgment, realized that at last some of the most promising young men in the land had entered, and that they were to be the instructors of men who, in a few years, would stand in the front rank of the world's thinkers.

The President immediately began to hasten the opening of the new Medical School, and gave it a preliminary year's work, so that it might be sufficiently attractive to keep in the University such noble examples of scientific workers as our brethren of the medical group. So it was throughout the whole University; new lecturers were engaged, new courses of study planned, and new buildings erected.

Ninety-four early began to do her part towards fostering a wholesome state of class spirit. It is not difficult to see the influence which has been exerted on the lower classes. Until Ninety-four came, the abduction of a class banquet toast-master was unknown—now it forms one of the most popular and harmless sports of our Junior and Freshman classes. Let the good work prosper!

More important, however, than class spirit, good and necessary as it is, our class has done very much towards furthering a good college spirit among the students. In our Freshman year we saw the last of the class foot-ball teams. By abolishing them, and by the proof that has been given of our University's capability to put a Varsity foot-ball team in the field, a great growth of college spirit has ensued. As to our own Freshman class team that year, it must be confessed it did not give promise of the support which the sons of Ninety-four were to give to the subsequent Varsity teams. Yet, one thing connected with it can never be forgotten while the memory of our class lives, and that is Cottman's touch-down against Ninety-three. That brilliant play softened the bitterness of our cup of defeat in a wonderful way.

And now, while on this subject, may the historian be allowed to give a few Ninety-four statistics? In our two seasons of Varsity football, we gave in the first as many players as did the Senior class, and, in the second, twice as many as both the lower classes did together. In our first lacrosse season we produced as many handlers of the stick as any other class, and in the next year more than one-half the undergraduates on the team were from Ninety-four.

With ball and bat we cannot boast as large a number, yet the Varsity short-stop and "Reub" and the present efficient sub-captain came from Ninety-four.

Boys, did you ever stop to think what will become of the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs after Ninety-four graduates? Imagine the distinguished sherry-taster from West Virginia, Hanson B. B., as the leader of the Banjo Club, and his Royal Hungriness, with his cheese-box, running the mandolins. If there is any part of the University which is now a strictly Ninety-four institution, surely it is the musical end of it. Ever since our musical genius, Perè L. W., Jr., took charge of this department, Johns Hopkins has been represented by the finest banjo

club in the country. This club has never yet played a number without being furiously encored.

Could anybody help noticing the looks of mingled astonishment, animosity, agitation and admiration displayed by the upper classmen, when, in the session of '91-'92, it was announced that the Freshman class was going to give a banquet? No such thing had ever been dreamed of. Freshmen had always been expected to live on milk and stay at home after dark. But Ninety-four never was afraid to look for trouble. Oh, that famous Freshman feed! The fancy fandangoes of Dancing David! The bubbling, boisterous, bibulous Baldwin! The condescending courtliness of the coquettish Count! The remarkable reflexes of riotous Rec! O, Buck, where are thy teeth? Cast not thy pearls before swine!

Doubtless the Faculty were as much amazed as the upper classmen at the nerve displayed by Ninety-four. Some of them had cause to be, especially those of the geraniums who looked on while we passed away the hours of P. H. E.

There is a vague tradition that we enjoyed a course of lectures from the eminent Professor of Meteorology as part of P. H. E., but this tradition rests on evidence of too mythical a character to find a place in authentic history; certainly no traces of the lectures are now left except G. D. Brown's touching explanation of the Johnstown Earthquake.

As the Freshman year drew to its close we began to ask the upper classmen where the library was. The Finals were approaching and we needed to "Bohn" up. To all outward appearances the Finals are not unlike the "matrics." Their effects also are similar. Every time we have "exams." some of the fellows become disgusted with the ignorance of the Faculty and go home to take a rest while the Profs. catch up with them in learning.

However, the great majority returned in the Fall, and Ninety-four's Junior year was opened with great éclat. The same pace was kept up throughout the session. Billy Baer was elected Class President. Poor Ninety-five received our distinguished consideration in Sept. '92, and within the back room of the Gym the prospective Freshmen rent the air with the cries of "Alas," "Harrow!" and "Weylawey!"

We early saw the need of a regular organization for giving proper attention to freshies—hence arose another Ninety-four institution, the Colonel's everlasting fount of joy,—the far-famed "Pot Socials." No piece-meal growth was that of the Pots, but under the direction of half a dozen master spirits it succeeded in teaching all Freshmen what their duties were. The motto of this society is "Do others or they will do you."

In the matter of banquets that same bundle of blank cards met with trouble from Ninety-four, as one Rain-in-the-Face can testify. Our own banquets during the Junior year were gems, dignified and entertaining.

Although during this year the members of the class were scattered in the various departments, and had no lecture to draw them all together, still this was the liveliest year of the three.

By the end of the session many of the bright lights of the class learned all that the Professors knew and found it quite unnecessary to return.

Our actions during the '93 vacation were characterized by all the vivacity of Juniors mingled with the dignity and serenity of Seniors. Much more love-making was indulged in, and only a few of the boys are known to have pushed chairs in Chicago. During the Columbian World's Fair Exhibition many were the sights seen and the experiences undergone by Ninety-four men. Piper is known to have taken lessons in the fancy dances of the Midway. Trull spent all the time he was not sampling wines, at the Congress of Beauty.

It was during a superb Wagner concert at the Music Hall that leader Thomas was suddenly taken sick. Before the instruments could cease a young man stepped gracefully forward from among the audience, assumed the leadership, and rendered such a concert as Chicago has seldom heard. At the end he vanished as quickly as he had made his appearance. Of the thousands who burst into applause, I alone recognized the mysterious leader. It was "Perry."

What a sensation was that when "Shorty," on the back of a runaway camel, seemed about to become the victim of a fearful fate! At the moment of peril, however, his ready Western wit forsook him not. Straightening out his nether limbs he allowed the ship of the desert to shoot from under him, while he remained standing upright.

Cohen's visit had its sorrows. Whenever a Sedan chair collapsed, he might be seen Venus-like rising from the wreck of silk and splinters. At last the Turks refused to carry him even for a large sum, and he might have perished from fatigue had it not been for his brother classmate "Smilax," who was wheeling a chair, and who took pity on him. After this the two were inseparable. "Smilax," nobly refusing to wheel the many ladies who had fallen victims to his angelic smile, and who would gladly have hired him, devoted himself to his friend, who must have seemed to him a *trifle* heavy at times.

Having thus passed our vacation, we hied ourselves back for the last grand seance—our Senior year. And a happy session are we making of it! Not even the "hard times" nor the horrors of L. E. P. can prevent us from making this year a "howling success." Nobody

expects to fail in his chase after that elusive sheepskin, every one is charmed with the Professors he meets, so there is nothing slow about either the class or the Varsity this year.

After electing popular Tommy Hastings for our President, we proceeded to devote ourselves to the year's centre of attraction—the L. E. P. (Lager et Pretzels) course, which class meets daily, four times a week under the able direction of the Dean and Frenchy Marmor, and once weekly we attend the torturingly detail-crammed lectures in the Biological Lab. and snooze, dreaming of saw-mills and phonographs, while Dr. Dryest consumes our valuable time.

What a picture there is every morning in the Physical Lab. lectureroom. Eloquently prominent is the Dean, the affable Dean, with whose handwriting we are all so familiar. Just to his left we see Mr. Pickwick Marmor, who has one eye on Dr. Griffin and the other eye on the class, while both his eyes are shut.

The session of '93-'94 is, at the present writing, not quite half over, and before the end of the year very much of historical interest to us will doubtless occur, but this is not the class prophecy, and lack of space forbids further remarks on the glorious past of our beloved class.

Classmates, our Alma Mater is about to suffer a tremendous loss, for Ninety-four will only tarry with her a few months longer. Our three years of enchantment have almost expired. We are proud of our class and proud of our Varsity. May there never come a time when either will cease to be proud of the other. Vive Ninety-four, J. H. U.!



CLASS PROPHECY.

"For we all know that what is furthest off is most admired and what gives the least room for having its fame tested."—Thucydides vi, 11.

T'S an outrage," said Governor Wickes.
"It ought to be stopped," suggested Attorney Purnell.
"It shall be stopped."

At these words from the head of the State, a smile of joy came over the venerable countenance of the Rev. Mr. Conrad, and Reizenstein, the Associated Press reporter, wrote diligently in his note-book. It was a serious occasion which found these men together in the Governor's cabinet. The question at issue involved the very liberty of the people. Only a year ago the freedom of the country had been rescued from total destruction by Senator Taylor's glorious bill forbidding the people of this nation to play football, baseball, poker or tennis, under penalty of life imprisonment. Lenient as was this measure, it found opponents. The John Hopkins University insisted upon its right to maintain a football team; the faculty resolved unanimously "that the existence of this institution depends upon the establishment of a well organized and thoroughly disciplined football team"—and the Legislature promptly annulled its charter.



But a graver calamity now threatened the State of Maryland. Here, under the very eyes of the law, was to be perpetrated a dastardly crime. Manager Nitze, of the Lyceum, after due consultation with his attorney, Mr. Rutter, had announced his intention to invite the pugilists Baumgarten and Cohen to hold their contest, recently forbidden in Florida, at his theatre. Already negotiations were begun with Messrs. Tudor and Becker, the respective trainers of the two men; and the elite of society, while openly denouncing the vile outrage, were nevertheless in a mad rush to secure tickets. From the pulpit Rev. Mr. Conrad thundered anathemas upon the guilty, but doubting the efficiency of moral

suasion had solicited the aid of his old friend Purnell. The latter, not unwilling to lay by a store of political pull for future use, tickled the

ear of the Governor; and that votary of peace and love and liberty, solemnly declared, "It shall be stopped."

Manager Nitze was somewhat disturbed by the account in the papers next morning and betook himself to his counsellor. Mr. Rutter

was out of town: he had been called north to take charge of a strike and would probably be away for some time. Nitze went back to his office. It was not yet too late to back out. But no—there on his desk lay J. Pembroke Thom's offer of ten thousand dollars for the use of a box during the evening of the fight. This would cover the cost of police non-interference. Yes—he would accept the offer—the fight should take place.

Simon Stein, of the law firm of Frank & Stein, sat busily engaged when Nitze was ushered into his presence.

"Is this Mr. Frank?" asked Nitze.

"Yes-that is-no-I mean-I-"

Nitze was used to the hesitating manner of unsophisticated amateurs, but such conduct on the part of a practicing lawyer was beyond his comprehension. Indeed, the situation became so embarrassing, Mr. Stein looked so near fainting that the warm-hearted stage manager started to leave out of pure compassion.

"Wait," said the lawyer, recovering part of his voice, "Mr. Frank will be here in a few minutes."

And as he spoke his senior partner entered.

"What can we do for you?" asked Mr. Frank with dignified suavity. Nitze explained his errand, and while Frank folded his arms and listened, Stein ran about the room fetching various folios from their shelves. When the exposition of the case was made a new marvel awaited the astonished manager. Mr. Frank lay back in his chair and, without apparent effort, called out from memory sundry references which the younger member diligently found and noted. Then the lawyer rose—

"All right, Mr. Nitze;" he said, "complete your arrangements, the law will not interfere."

Arrangements were completed. An injunction was filed by Mr. Conrad but easily answered by Frank. Purnell wrung his hands in despair and Wickes was furious.

It was a great day for proprietor Cox, of the Central Hotel, when Ernest J. Becker engaged apartments for himself and his friend Cohen. Mr. Cohen refused to see any one, but later in the day Becker came down into the smoking-room. In order to escape from the crowd, he and reporter Reizenstein went over to Theodore's. Here, after proper formalities, Becker found himself ready to talk, and discoursed volubly of the pugilistic status.

"Baumgarten's a blackguard, a blabbering, sneaking blackguard," he said, "and mark my word, he won't stand up against my man two rounds. I'll bet he won't fight him; all he wants is to see his name in the newspapers. He don't want to fight. I'll bet you three to one he won't show up." And the sportsman emphasized his words with a vehement blow upon the table.

"It's going to be same thing over as it was in Florida," continued Becker. "We could have had the match easy enough. Whitfield had

fixed the contract and we signed. Then Baumgarten objects to the gloves because his hands are bigger than Cohen's."

"Who's Whitfield?" asked Reizenstein.

"Whitfield's president of the Crocodile Club down in Tallahassee. It's a shooting club. They shoot alligators. Whitfield's killed as many as seventeen in one morning. But he's an expert—been bred up to it since a child."

Becker's tongue was now entirely loose, and Reizenstein having ascertained all he wanted to know, the meeting adjourned.

Under the magic of the reporter's pen the question had become a national one. Its fame overleaped the ocean and the Daily Devotee published a letter received from Rev. Mr. Trull, of the South African mission, in which it was stated that the Great Council of the Matabele assembled to discuss the question, denounced it in the strongest terms and desired to express their hearty disapproval. At Washington the affair created a stir almost equal to a panic. Hon. Mr. Ames, Secretary of War, dispatched orders to Gen. Wingert that the body of troops about to embark at Annapolis for Honolulu, be sent to Baltimore and await further orders. Gen. Wingert immediately sent an advance guard under Col. Roberts, and prepared to follow with the main body of the army. Secretary Griswold, of the Department of Railroad Transportationnow under control of the Government—issued an interdict forbidding the carriage of passengers into Baltimore, other than bona fide residents of that city. The day following this interdict a hundred thousand bona fide residents came into Baltimore from all parts of the country, and as a result all passenger trains were now side-tracked outside the city and no one allowed to enter.

This step caused much inconvenience. A number of the best society people who had attended one of Mr. Piper's receptions at Towson, found themselves intercepted on their way back and were not



allowed to return home. Mr. Piper was indignant and, threatening violence, was placed under arrest. But through the influence of the affable banker, Nathaniel H. Morrison, who was of the party, he was released from custody.

Meanwhile the whole city was in commotion. Marshal Corning, of the police force, found it necessary to swear in five hundred new men. The jails were crowded; the hospitals were full. Dr. Miles, of the Health Department, had given instructions that all cases which were likely to prove incurable or prolonged, be diagnosed as "drunk" and the patient sent to the police station.

At last the long-expected day

arrived. In the morning mobs gathered about the corners, and pedestrians were accosted in the streets by champions of either faction.

Cavendish Darrel, unmindful of consequences, went along enthusiastic in his shouts for Baumgarten, challenging every other stranger to a bet. Naturally enough, he was picked up out of the gutter some time in the afternoon by his friend Mr. Straus, the electrician. Maynard and Benson seized the opportunity to spread their anarchistic doctrines and incite the people to riot. The latter mounted a whisky barrel in the lower part of the city and made a long harangue. The municipal government was in the hands of an odious ring he said. Under the misrule of Mayor Griffin the streets were badly paved. Boss Baker had registered forty-one voters from a vacant house during the last election.



The mob was thoroughly roused. A more orderly meeting was called

and it was decided that the time had come for action. Uhler reported that under the able direction of Rutter the Pennsylvania strike was successful. He further stated that the Mayor and Council were to attend the fight at the Lyceum and moved that the people embrace this occasion to throw off the oppressive yoke under which they were struggling. The motion was carried and a committee appointed to determine upon a course of action. The committee met in secrecy and after long debate concluded that in dynamite lay their salvation. Accordingly, at eight o'clock Conrad Hauser, one of the most trusted of their number, made his way toward the Lyceum provided with a dynamite bomb and a ticket of admission.

Unfortunately, there was one among the conspirators of very sensitive disposition. Thomas Cameron had taken it much to heart that Hauser rather than himself was selected to execute the plan. After brooding over this for several hours, he resolved to betray his comrades and sought Marshal Corning, before whom he laid the whole matter. Cameron was held for examination, and Detectives Krafft and Magruder were detailed to arrest the leaders of the conspiracy, while Corning, with a squad of men under Sergeant Strickler, proceeded to the *Lyceum* to await Hauser.

A short while before eight o'clock that evening, Attorney Purnell rushed into the Governor's office and sank into a chair gasping for breath.

"What's the matter?" asked the Governor, in alarm.

"Call out the militia, call out the militia, I have found it."

After prolonged search of the laws of Maryland, Purnell had found a clause, away back among the eighteenth century institutes, which might be construed so as to prohibit the fight.

Col. Thomas was rather startled at such tardy summons; but the fifth regiment, reinforced by several companies from Gen. Wingert's army, was soon *en route* for the *Lyceum*.

Long before eight every seat in the house was occupied. Manager Nitze rubbed his hands in glee, while Baxter, his secretary, looked more sober as he sat calculating some error which appeared to have been made in the hedging.

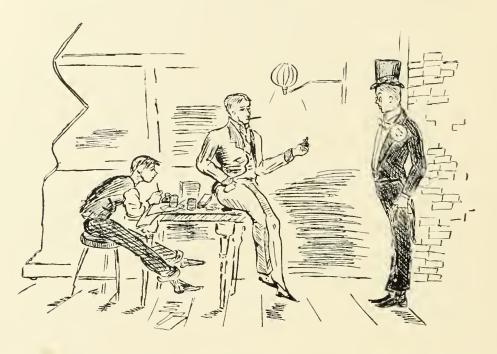
"We want to put up five thousand more on Baumgarten," he said.

"We can't get it," replied Nitze.

"Tyson 'll take it; he offered it the other day."

A messenger was sent for Tyson, who soon appeared. The smile which of old found itself perpetually on his face was gone. A despondent air had usurped its place.

- "Five thousand on Baumgarten," said Nitze.
- "No, I can't," answered Tyson, and there was a pathetic ring about his voice.



- "What's the matter?" asked Nitze. "You haven't been losing, have you?"
- "No; not that. But my wife caught a glimpse of Baumgarten yesterday, and says if I do any betting I'll have to bet on him."
 - "What does she know about it?"
- "That's just it. She's stuck on his shape and thinks he's bound to win. That's woman's way—she calls it *intuition*." And gloom once more settled on Malcolm's face as he went back reluctantly to his place by Mrs. T.
- "Malcolm dear, who is the distinguished looking gentleman seated next to Mr. Thom in his box?" asked his gracious spouse.
- "That's Sir Warrington Cottman," replied her humble slave. "He was knighted lately by his friend King Albert."
 - "I didn't know they knighted Americans."
 - "They made an exception in his case. You see he ——"

At this point the orchestra, under the leadership of Director Hastings, struck up with a loud bang, and the end of the remark was lost.

Everybody became silent. Even Professor Post, of the Woman's Col-

lege, who was very much interested in discussing Wood's latest volume of essays with his colleague, Dr. Dawson, forgot what he was saying and watched the curtain with painful expectancy.

The scene upon the stage was simple. Becker stood at the right with arms folded and head thrown back in tragic pose. Beside him was Dr. Marshall, moistening bandages in bi-chloride of mercury solution and preparing lotions from various bottles on a small table. Now he was engaged rapidly turning the handle of a freezing machine, for recently he had issued a pamphlet on *The Curative Properties of Cold Water*, and here was a chance to advertise. Opposite stood Tudor, his hands thrust in his pockets, whistling to himself with well feigned non-chalance; and Dr. Baer, busy at his little table heating a vessel of water with an electric furnace, for he had recently published a monograph entitled *The Curative Properties of Hot Water*.



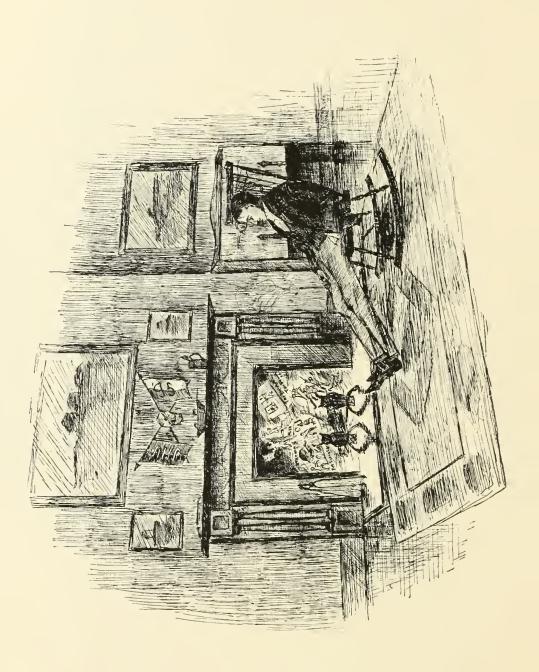
There was great rivalry between the two schools of which these men were the respective heads. The one claimed that all evils known to modern medicine owe their existence to the use of unboiled water; and through their influence the Prohibition party had adopted as its platform the condemnation of ice water. Up to the present, the efforts of this party had been counteracted by Marshall's followers, some of



whom went so far as to denounce the use of heat for any purposes, finding cogent arguments in the records of the city fire department and in the popular views concerning hell.

Marshall shivered and buttoned his coat close about him as he turned from his work in readiness for the fight; and Baer, after mopping copious beads of perspiration from his brow, nods to the referee. In the center are Baumgarten and Cohen, the one towering high above the other, with his hands, as yet, hanging listlessly at his sides, the other dancing about nervously, working his arms as though impatient for the fray.

The music ceases. There is dead silence. Cohen advances to touch hands with Baumgarten. The contrast between the two is



Class of Minety=five.

Colors-Blue and White.

CLASS YELL.

Hi! Yi! Yi!—Ha! Ha! Ha! Hopkins '95—Rah! Rah! Rah!

CLASS OF '95. President Lawrason Brown.

Secretary		C. H. HARDIN BRANCH.
Treasurer		
Historian		
Executive Committee		WARREN BUCKLER,
MEMBERS.		
Ballagh, Wilbur W., B. O. II	Froup	IINew Jersey.
Bansemer, William S	66	VI Baltimore.
Black, Hanson B	"	IWest Virginia.
Bowlus, Edward L	6.6	IIIMaryland.
Branch, C. H. Hardin, K. A	6 +	I Maryland.
Brown, George D	"	I
Brown, Lawrason, Φ. K. Ψ	6.6	III Baltimore.
Buckler, Warren, A. Δ. Φ	6.6	III Baltimore.
Carson, Ernest H	44	VIBaltimore.
Clark, Charles B., Φ. K. Ψ	6.6	IIBaltimore.
Coblens, Gilbert A	"	VI Baltimore.
Crampton, Warren H., Φ. K. Ψ	"	VIBaltimore.
Emerich, B. Franklin	66	VI

Foster, R. Carll, Φ . Γ . Δ	irou	b VI Baltimore.
Gray, George H	6 6	III Baltimore.
Greenbaum, Milton D	4.6	VI Baltimore.
James, George O	4.4	IIVirginia.
Janney, Stuart S., Δ. Φ	6.6	VII Baltimore.
Kaufman, Marcus	4.6	VIBaltimore.
Kilvert, Charles A., A. Δ. Φ	6.6	VI Baltimore.
Oliver, Edward S	6.6	VI Baltimore.
Parker, John D., Δ. Φ	6.6	VI Maryland.
Pindell, D. Sterritt	4.6	II Maryland.
Pleasants, J. Hall, Jr., A. Δ. Φ	6.6	IIIBaltimore.
Robinson, John A., Φ. Γ. Δ	"	VI Baltimore.
Rosenheim, Sylvan	6.6	IIIBaltimore.
Rusk, Glanville Υ., Φ. Θ. Ψ	4.4	III
Stiles, George K	"	VI Baltimore.
Strobel, Edgar R	66	IIIBaltimore.
Thomas, J. Hanson, A. Δ. Φ	6.6	IVBaltimore.
Torrence, Bertie M., Δ. Φ	6 6	IVPennsylvania.
Umstadter, Jacob M	66	VI Virginia.
Waters, Campbell E., Φ. Γ. Δ	"	IV Baltimore.
Whitaker, Henry A	44	II Maryland.
Williams, William W., A. Δ. Φ	66	II Baltimore.
SPECIAL STUDENTS.		
Bateman, William HE	lectri	icityBaltimore.
Boude, Bethel, B. O. II		
Branch, B. Harrison, K. A		
Calhoun, Arthur P		
Harvey, Roland, Δ . Φ		

Group ITI

Doltimoro

Foster R Carll & F \

Hubner, Harry H., Φ . Γ . Δ . History. Maryland. Long, Ellis B. A. Δ . Φ . Electricity. Baltimore. Mullen, Joseph. Electricity. Baltimore. Mulliken, William H. Political Science. Baltimore. Smoot, Charles D., B. Θ . Π . Electricity. Baltimore. Williams, Henry. Math. and Phys. Baltimore.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETY=FIVE.

`96 Ye Verdant and Emerald-Colored Freaks! '96

WARNING!

WHEREAS, This sharp and stinging proclamation may lacerate your tender and embryonic feelings; and

Whereas, We, the august and venerable body of '95, have met and considered your offensive entrance into the halls of our University;

Therefore, we, the all-glorious and all-powerful Class of '95 of Johns Hopkins University, do issue the following imperative dogmas:

PROCLAMATION.

I.—All members of the Class of '96, upon meeting an upper classman, must remove their hats and wreathe their faces with smiles.

II.—Freshmen must carry tobacco in large quantities for the use of the Junior Class, but are forbidden to own or use a pipe.

III.—Freshmen are positively forbidden to wear or mention the sacred colors of the J. H. U., or to carry anything in the likeness of a cane, under any pretext whatever.

IV.—No freshman will be permitted to profane the sacred halls of the "Gym" with his immature body, under penalty of the "Pot Socials."

Baby Ritchie now is here, With his little tank for beer; Now he is a freshman freak.

Then, Eddie Nelson with his ladle, And Great King George just from his cradle, He just left his home last week, With Lillie Parker will walk along, Humming this little freshman song.

> A '96 man to Hades went, Some things he wished to learn; They sent him back to earth, because He was too green to burn.

On your recovery we will allow you to publish a proclamation, but

BEWARE OF MUCILAGE AND PINS.

As the historian glances back on the mighty deeds of that most glorious Class of '95, his brain becomes paralyzed by the many exciting and thrilling scenes that present themselves to his mind. Never in the annals of the Johns Hopkins University has there been a more brilliant and patriotic class than that of ours; on every occasion where class feeling could be shown, '95 has been found in the foremost rank.

Hardly had the class met in October, when it was rumored that the newly entered "babes" were about to hold a class meeting. On the appointed day, at about 5 o'clock, the nurses began to arrive with their charges, which they carefully deposited in Hopkins Hall, and which, after many tears, they left to the rude mercies of our high and mighty class. Scarcely had the "babes" been seated, when the class of '95, fearing for the safety of the children, entered. They called the meeting to order and were proceeding to take charge of the business, when, strange as it may seem, the "infants," not appreciating their kindness, began to weep and use naughty words—some even attempted violence against their lawful masters! '95, surprised and shocked at this exhibition of petulance on the part of the "children" and wishing to inflict a parental chastisement, was about to clear the hall, when suddenly there was a cry of "The nurses are coming" and sure enough, this report was speedily confirmed by a loud knocking at the door, and, at the same moment, a well-known head appeared at the window and a voice was heard to exclaim in an agonized tone: "My babes! My babes! You shall not hurt my babes!" '95 could do nothing but yield to such a beseeching entreaty, and so anxious was she to acquiesce at once, that her members proceeded to get out as quickly as possible, by windows, doors, chimneys and gas-pipes, leaving the "babes" under the protection of their nurses, to proceed undisturbed with their meeting.

Of course, the "children" were put through the regular course of "Pot Socials," and this institution was even made a little more severe than usual; but, do what '95 could, they still retained their verdant hue and primitive freshness, so it was determined in the high and mighty council of our most glorious class that extraordinary measures must be taken, and, shortly after, there appeared that most famous document second only to the Declaration of Independence in the annals of our country, "The Proclamation to Ye Verdant and Emerald-Colored Freaks of '96." How this proclamation was posted all over the University—yea, even on the sacred building itself—is one of the most thrilling episodes in our history. The story is known to everyone, how the watchmen were eluded, how poles were climbed and how the first lot of Proclamations were all scraped off, only to be reposted in more conspicuous places. The results were all that could have been desired.

Its regulations were observed by the "freaks" in all its details, and to such an extent indeed, as to surpass our most sanguine hopes, so low had the Freshmen fallen in our opinion.

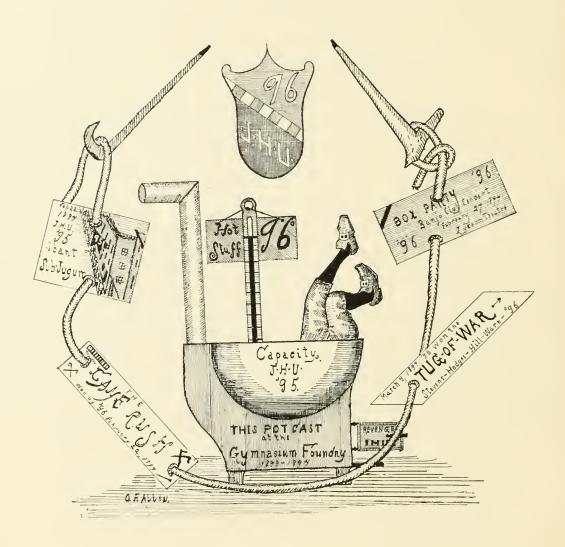
In January, when the "babes" returned from a week or so of freedom, unwatched by our parental care, signs of discontent and restlessness began to be manifested among them. Imagine our horror when, soon after, a vague rumor reached our ears that they not only intended to hold a supper, but that some base, vile man had actually been found, who, for filthy lucre's sake, was willing to supply these innocent "babes" with intoxicating liquors—to be sure, in small quantities. As soon as this was made certain, an indignation meeting was held by '95, and it was resolved unanimously that the "dear innocents" must be saved at all hazards from the too certain results of such a course, i. e., a sound whipping on returning home.

Happy results followed our prompt action. A committee of the "children" waited on us, and their spokesman, a large, overgrown "babe," who, by some queer freak of nature, and by much application of the "Seven Sutherland Sisters' Hair Tonic," had induced a few straggling straws to grow upon his upper lip, assured us with tears in his eyes, that he and his little playfellows not only had no intention of displeasing us in this case, but that in the future they would wish nothing better than to be guided by our will.

Seeing that they were truly repentant, we simply reminded them of the regulations in the Proclamation and desired that hereafter they should be more rigorously observed. To this they willingly agreed, and since then we may say to their credit there has been no just cause for complaint as to their conduct.

One might think that all our attention had been given up to the care and training of '96. We have found, however, plenty of time for both study and sport, and our class has been well represented in every Varsity organization, whether on the athletic field or in the concert hall. The captain of last season's football team was a '95 man, and the team has elected another '95 man as captain for next season. Much of the good work done by the baseball and lacrosse teams last season was due to '95 men, both as managers and players. '95 will also supply the captain and manager for the baseball team of the coming season. Our representation on the banjo and mandolin clubs has not been large, either this year or last; but the quality makes up for the quantity in this case.

Nor are we behindhand in the real work of the University. We have plenty of hard workers, and men of intellect in our class, who are destined some day to add renewed glory to the already illustrous reputation of our Alma Mater and the Class of '95.



Class of Minety=Six.

Colors .- MAROON AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL.

Hollabaloo! Hollabalix! Hopkins! Hopkins!'96.

OFFICERS OF NINETY=SIX.

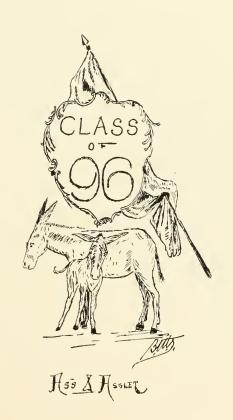
President	WILLIAM D. LILLY.
Vice-President	
Secretary	
Treasurer	
Historian	
	WILLIAM D. LILLY,
	THOMAS S. ADAMS,
Executive Committee	George H. Hodges,
	HENRY P. PARKER,
	F. Howard Warfield.
MEMBERS.	
Thomas S. Adams	Baltimore.
Oliver F. Allen	Massachusetts.
Cornelius Beatty	Baltimore.
Frederick I. Bently, K. A	
Augustus C. Binswanger	
Henry C. Block	
Frank B. Cahn	Baltimore.
Charles E. Caspari	Baltimore.
C. Carroll Clark	Baltimore.
Charles E. Diehl	West Virgina.
William R. Dorsey	Baltimore.
John E. Dowin	
George D. Eldridge, Jr	

Albert D. GantzBaltimore.
Howard GassmanMaryland.
Neil D. GrahamVirginia.
Horace M. Harriman, JrBaltimore.
William F. HendricksonBaltimore.
Frank Holmes JohnsonNew York.
Henry W. Kennard, Δ. Φ
C. Harwood Knight, Φ. K. ΨBaltimore.
William KurrelmeyerBaltimore.
Robert LaceyBaltimore.
Henry LanahanBaltimore.
William D. Lilly, Φ. K. ΨBaltimore.
Monroe Luchs
Arthur G. MachenBaltimore.
Richard E. MarineBaltimore.
Willis S. McCornick, Φ. K. Ψ
Henry P. Parker, Δ. Φ
Albert C. Ritchie, Δ. Φ
Louis RosenbaumBaltimore.
Laurence F. SchmeckebierBaltimore.
Alexander R. Stevens, B. O. IIBaltimore.
St. George L. Sioussat
John W. R. SumwaltBaltimore.
Ronald ThomasTennessee.
Charles B. TorschBaltimore.
James M. TrippeBaltimore.
Franklin Upshur, Φ. Γ. Δ
William F. WallisBaltimore.
Robert G. Ware, JrBaltimore.
F. Howard WarfieldBaltimore.
J. Armistead WelbournBaltimore.
John M. WestBaltimore.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.

E. Chauncey Baugher	.Baltimore.
Isador Deutsch	. Baltimore.
Walter H. Eisenbrandt	. Baltimore.
I. Holdsworth Gordon	Vashington.
Alfred D. Harden, B. O. II	Georgia.
Malcolm Hill, Φ. Γ. Δ	. Baltimore.
George H. Hodges, Δ. Φ	. Baltimore.

Oscar F. LackeyMaryland.
Clarence K. McCornick, Ф. K. V
Jasper A. McCaskell, Φ . K. Ψ
Edwin D. Nelson, A. Δ. Φ
Robert S. PageBaltimore.
Henry T. PowellBaltimore.
Charles L. ReederBaltimore.
Norman RogersBaltimore.
Martin SchwabBaltimore.
J. Eustace ShawItaly.
Albert G. SingewaldBaltimore.
Charles B. Sparks
Frank I. Taylor



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETY=SIX.

Which class is the best?
Which leads all the rest?
Sex Nonaginta
Optimus est.

It has been the prerogative of self-sufficient Sophomores to look with feigned disdain upon the Freshman, much in the same manner as an elder brother regards the more juvenile members of the family. This prerogative would probably have been accorded to them for all time in Johns Hopkins history, had it not received a telling blow when the Class of '96, in the full activity of its youth, entered the University family to be a pattern and examplar to its other less favored members. All Hopkins traditions for years back were rudely shaken and upset, and upper classmen stood aghast while '96 ruled the roost.

After a sojourn of a week in the University halls, a class meeting was called and the challenge given to the Sophomores, who promptly accepted it and sent a delegation over to Hopkins hall to see us, and, as they, in their childish imagination, vainly thought, to see to us. After a preliminary scrimmage in which we had a slight advantage, they received large reinforcements from the Seniors and succeeded in entering the hall. Then we rallied and began to drive them out, and when they saw they had been much mistaken in our strength, and that the struggle would result in their ultimate defeat, summoning the Dean and making this a pretext for retiring, they beat a disgraceful retreat, leaving the hall in full possession of the victorious Freshmen.

We immediately proceeded to business and elected Mr. W. D. Lilly Class President, and Mr. Albert Ritchie Delegate to the Matriculate Society. On the following day we continued our adjourned meeting amid the futile attempts of the Sophomores to storm our stronghold. We then proceeded to elect our remaining officers, and after having adopted a class "yell," issued forth, as we supposed, to the combat, but, lo and behold, the enemy had departed, as do the spirits of the night before the sun, and no man knew their whereabouts.

The next event, and it is hardly worth recording, was the issue of that ridiculous mass of paper and printers' ink, that in sheer despair was dubbed a "proclamation and warning," and whose so-called provisions have never been enforced and for whose dead-letter cautions all good Freshmen preserve a well merited contempt, which they are ever ready to champion with their brawn and muscle. For this breach of college discipline '95 was summoned before our austere and awe-inspiring President, upon whose astonished ears fell the following prattle: "We didn't do it! It was some misguided members of the class!! If you don't whip us this time we'll never do it any more!!!

Soon after it was decreed that a barbarous pastime originating in uncouth minds, and vulgarly called by the initiated, the "Pot Socials," should immediately be dispensed with, upon the penalty of the forcible abolition of the same by '96. This brutal sport in which a crowd of Sophomores took unseemly delight in torturing isolated and unprotected Freshmen, was one morning found in full blast, and '96 being assembled in the "Gym," gave their slogan, rushed to the Freshman's rescue, overturned the pot, and treated its authors to a taste of their own consommé. At the beginning of the year some incipient endeavors were made to renew this relic of barbarism, but owing to the strong front offered by the stalwart members of '96, its decline and fall was a matter of only a few weeks.

Just at this juncture, a word of explanation may more clearly indicate the odds against which the Freshmen were obliged to struggle, and the great credit due them for the able manner in which these odds were overcome. Since the collegiate course at the Hopkins comprises only three years of study, there is no Junior class and the undergraduates are divided into Freshmen, Sophomores and Seniors. Now, by universal tradition in all colleges, the Freshmen and the Juniors are allies, and what the former lack in experience is readily supplied to them by the latter, but since the latter class does not exist at the Hopkins, the Freshmen have always to contend singlehanded with both the Seniors and the Sophomores.

Then came the "Fake" '96 banquet, the fame of which shall last through all Hopkins history as the greatest joke the Freshmen have ever perpetrated upon the Sophomores. '96 had resolved to have a banquet upon the first Friday of the new year, but, deeming that a subsequent date would be more suitable to all concerned, determined to postpone it. On this same Friday morning it was quietly noised about that the symposium would come off as had been determined upon, and to further strengthen this impression, the treasurer was to be seen collecting greenbacks from the Freshmen epicures. The Sophomores of course knew it all, and speedily locating the toastmaster (?) they concluded to abduct him, much after the fashion of the Corsican banditti.

Saunterers along Bolton Street in the vicinity of Lafayette Avenue were very much surprised one evening at finding all the street lamps out. and at being stopped every few yards by unknown miscreants, who, having surveyed their persons, allowed them to pass unmolested, but exceedingly mystified to say the least. Presently, a stalwart son of '96, suspecting no guile, was laid upon by violent hands, and breaking away, tried to escape, but the alarm had been given and he was soon surrounded by a swarm of "Sophs." Finding all avenues of escape cut off, like a valiant son of a glorious class, he turned at bay and defied his pursuers. But what can one man accomplish singlehanded against a dozen? It is the irony of fate that might makes right. So, after a protracted and brilliant struggle, in which the entire neighborhood was alarmed, and in which the air was blue with cries of "Help! Rah for '96!! Murder! Fire! To ——with '95!! Police!"; he succumbed to brute force and was led away by these disturbers of the peace. They then forcibly carried him down town where supper was served, and there is no telling what further indignities he would have suffered at the hands of these barbarians, had not a "Soph" suddenly broke in upon this impromptu supper with the astonishing intelligence that the '96 banquet had been postponed, and the omniscient Sophomores had been made the dupes of the verdant Freshmen. '95 was paralyzed, and the latest report from their physician declares their case to be incurable.

It is generally conceded that the Class of '96 is far above the athletic average of classes at the Hopkins, having as it does three men upon the Varsity football team, and eleven out of a total of fifteen upon the "scrub." If the former inter-class football rivalry still existed, there is but little doubt that we should obtain the supremacy. To add to all these other athletic successes it is confidently reported that there will be a larger percentage of Freshman upon this year's Varsity baseball team than there has been for some years.

Although we have but recently entered into the world of books, we can boast of many well known Savants and Literati, and the University press will soon give to a delighted world the following tomes, whose titles shall be a household word and whose contents shall be of immeasurable influence: "Toe Twisting Terpsichore" or "Ritchie's Hints on the Light Fantastic," by the affable matriculate delegate from '96. "Key to Cutting," being one hundred unique faculty-defying excuses, by F. Howard Warfield. "How to be Happy Though Taking P. H. E.," by the well-known President of the Class of '96. "'95's Entry into the Free Lunch and Supper Business," by George Hodges, who has had quite a little experience in this line. "Joci Familiares" being Harden's choicest bon-mots, to be read in the "Gym" when the old stove

is red-hot and the noise of the punching-bag re-echoes through the corridors. And it may be well to add in closing that, according to Byron, "History, with all her volumes vast, hath but one page," and that the aforementioned Page is in '96. That: if we attend the advice of Solomon and "consider the Lillys" we will find them well represented in the same class. That: we are "Wellborn" and instead of following the ancient advice to go west we have brought the "West" to us. That: when a man sows wild oats he shall surely reap what he sows and we recommend the "McCormick" to be the best reaper in the market. That: the "Sophs" may be as old "as the hills" in wisdom, but we have a "Hill" that is an "Elderridge," and when they strike against our solid line they shall certainly come to naught, and as this often happens we have a good "Deal" to be thankful for.

In the past six months of our college life, brief though they may seem, we have achieved a glory that shall long cause a historic lustre to linger around the class whose name we bear. We are proud of the class, and it is not the traditional pride that goes before a fall, but it is the compliment that well-won success deserves, for "nothing succeeds like success" and the Class of '96, whose name is synonymous with it, and it is the hearty conviction of all her sons, knowing her past as they do so well, that:

To Ninety-Six all praise Shall be in coming days. Maroon and White Will win the fight When we our colors raise.

Historicus.



Graduate Students, 1893=94.

PHYSICS AND ELECTRICITY.

Fellows	Ferry, Erwin S., S. B.
	Northrup, Edwin F., A. B.
FELLOWS BY COURTESY	Reid, Harry F., Ph. D.
	Squire, Geo. O., Ph. D.
University Scholars	Hill, George H., A. B.
	McIver, Alex., Jr., A. B.
	Randolph, Alfred M., Jr., A. B.
	Sharpe, Benj. F., A. M.
	Moore, Louis T., S. B.
Anderson, William P., A. B.	Johnson, Theodore W., A. B.
Aull, Nathan E., A. B.	Lewis, E. Percy, S. B.
Bliss, William J. A., A. B.	McCrosky, James W., S. B.
Browne, Sidney H., A. B.	McKee, George C., S. B.
Carmichael, Norman R., A. B.	Morrison, Alexander M., A. B.
Day, William S., A. B.	Penniman, Thomas D., A. B.
Dorsey, N. Ernest, A. B.	Porter, Albert B., S. B.
Douglas, John L., A. B.	Post, William S., A. B.
Elder, E. Waite, A. B.	Ramm, Rev. Charles A., S. B.
Frazer, Hugh M., S. B.	Reber, Samuel.
Freise, Philip H.	Ridgely, Harold C., S. B.
Gallaudet, Edson F., A. B.	Rothermel, John, J., A. B.
Hains, Peter C.	Usilton, William B., Jr., A. B.
Harrison, Caleb N., B. C. E	Wilcox, Frank S.
Hayes, Stephen I., A. B.	Zahn Albert F., A. M.
Howard, Douglas A.	

BIOLOGY AND MORPHOLOGY.

Bigney, Andrew J., A. B.	Lefevre, George, A. B.
Britcher, Horace W., B. C. E.	Maltby, Frank S., A. B.
Hunt, Reid, A. B.	Needham, James G., B. S.
Johnson Duncan S., S. B.	Pickel, Frank W., M. S.
Lamb, Arthur L., A. B.	Shields, Rev. Thomas E.
Langfeld, Millard, A. B.	Sigerfoos, Charles P., S. B.

CHEMISTRY.

Fellows	
	Weida, George F.
Fellows by Courtesy	Parks, Robert M., Ph. D.
	Saunders, Arthur P., A. B.
	White, John, Ph. D.
	Wolff, Frank A., Jr., Ph. D.
	Blalock, Thomas L., S. B.
	Hartman, Robert N., A. B.
University Scholars	Hunter, J. Rufus, A. M.
	McKee, Solomon R., A. B.
	Reid, E. L., A. B.

Alleman, Gellert, S. B. Austin, Herbert E., S. B. Base, Daniel, A. B. Bromwell, William, A. B. Bucher, John E., A. C. Cameron, Frank K., A. B. Chamberlin, William E., A. B. Chambers, Arthur D., A. B. Crane, Frederick H. D., A. B. Ewing, Charles B., M. D. Fay, Henry, A. B. Franklin, Edward C., M. S. Gray, George W., A. B. Griffin, Rev. John J., A. B., Henderson, William E., A. B. Higbee, Howard H., A. B.

Hollis, Frederick S., S. B. Karslake, William J., S. B. King, Stephen H., M. D. Lawson, John W., S. B. Lupton, Frank A., M. S. Macay, Ebenezer, A. B. Magruder, Egbert W., A. M. McKenzie, R. Monroe, M. S. McNeel, John D., A. B. Moale, Philip R., A. B. Newell Lyman C., Ph. B. Norris, James F., A. B. Slagle, Robert L., A. B. Stoner, Loucks, A. B. Walker, Milo S., Ph. B. Yeomans, Alfred B., A. B.

ENGLISH.

Fellows.	Sykes, Frederick H., A. M.
	Child, Clarence G., A. M.
University Scholars	Gorrel, Joseph H., A. M.
	McBryde, John M., Jr., A. M.
Arnold, Harry L., S. B.	Shipley, George, A. M.
T (CI I D DI D	TD T 117 (T)

Furst, Clyde B., Ph. B. Kinard, James P. Marmor, Rev. Jacob D. Pessels, Constance, A. M. Tupper, James W., A. B. West, Charles J., A. B. West, Henry S., A. B.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.	
FELLOWS	Basset, John S., A. B.
FELLOW BY COURTESY UNIVERSITY SCHOLARS	Hollander, Jacob H., A. BWeeks, Stephen B., Ph. D. Ballagh. J. C. Hendren, S. R., A. B. Moore, Henry L., A. B. Moran, Thos. F., A. B.
Blakeslee, George H., A. B. Bowers, Thomas D., A. B. Bryan, A. Cookman, A B. Bump, Charles W., A. B. Chapman, James W., A. B. Clark, Louis T., A. B. Cooley, Henry S., M. S. Estes, Charles S., A. M. Forman, Samuel E., A. M. Gibbs, Rufus M., A. B. Gresham, LeRoy, A. M. Hall, A. Cleveland, A. B. Hartman, Edward T., A. B. Haynes, John, A. B. Hazen, Charles D., Ph. D. Heisse, Rev. J. Fred., A. M. Howe, Frederick C., Ph. D. Hunt, Rockwell D., A. M. Ishizaka, Masanobu, Ph. B. James, Rev. Bartlett B., A. B.	Jones, Frederick R., A. B. Latane, John H., A. B. Meriwether, Colyer, Ph. D. Nicholson, Rev. James C., A. B. Reeves, Jesse S., S. B. Riley, Franklin, A. B. Sewall, Charles G., A. B. Silver, John A., A. M. Sparks, Francis E., A. B. Stevenson, Robert A., A. B. Takaki, Masayoshi, S. B. Thomas, Thaddeus P., A. M. Thompson, Rev. Arthur H. Thomson, Frank D., A. B. Turner, G. Frank, A. B. Ward, George W., A. M. Watson, Rev. Edward L., A. B. Weech, Rev. Robt. W. H., A. B. Wetzel, William A., A. B. Youmans, George F., S. B.
FELLOW	RMAN. Baker, Thomas S., A. B.
	Crenshaw, J. Bascom, Ph. D. Faust, Albert B., Ph. D. Ferren, Harry M., A. B.
Ebeling, Henry E.	Schmidt, Rev. Frederick G. G.
Haussmann, William A., A. B.	Sieber, Rev. John, A. B.

GREEK AND LATIN.

	AND LATIN.
Fellows	Bolling, George M., A. B.
	Gallaway, William F., A. B.
	Johnson, Chas. W. L., A. B.
	Johnston, G. Wesley, A. B.
	Stratton, Alfred W., A. B.
Fellows by Courtesy	
	Fraser, William R., A. B.
	Lease, Emory B., A. B.
University Scholars	
Chire Edition Constitution of the Constitution	Peppler, Chas. W., A. B.
	Radford, Robt. L., Ph. D.
	Wilson, Harry L., A. M.
	Daniel, Waverly B., A. M.
7	
Anderson, James N., A. M.	Johnson, William H., A. B.
Anderson, Louis F., A. M.	Kirk, William H., A. B.
Brown, J. Vallance, A. M.	Long, Omera F., A. M.
Dales, Wilbur F., A. M.	Scott, John A., A. B.
Edwards, George V., A. B.	Soho, Aristogeiton M.
Folk, Carey A., A. B.	Spencer, Edward B. T., A. B.
Forman, Lewis L., A. M.	Thorne, John, A. M.
Haggett, Arthur S., A. B.	Wolfenstein, Leo, A. B.
Hoeing, Charles, A. M.	
MATHEMATICS	AND ASTRONOMY.
Fellows	
T ELLOWS	Hoffman, Samuel V., Ph. D.
Fellows by Courtesy	
TELLOWS BI COURTESI	Manning, Edward P., A. B.
Harry Cover and	Roszel, Brantz M., A. B.
University Scholars	
	Duvall, Charles R., S. B.
	Sayre, Herbert A., B. E.
	Tudor, Joseph H., M. S.
	Taliaferro, Thomas H., C. E.
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Brackett, Byron B., A. M.	Morris, John Stokes, A. M.
Ebaugh, A. Newton, Ph. B.	
Ebaugh, A. Newton, Ph. B. Eiesland, John, A. B.	Morris, John Stokes, A. M.
Ebaugh, A. Newton, Ph. B.	Morris, John Stokes, A. M. Roberts, Eugene H., B. P.
Ebaugh, A. Newton, Ph. B. Eiesland, John, A. B.	Morris, John Stokes, A. M. Roberts, Eugene H., B. P. Schenck, Charles C., A. B.
Ebaugh, A. Newton, Ph. B. Eiesland, John, A. B. Johnson, Edgar H., S. B.	Morris, John Stokes, A. M. Roberts, Eugene H., B. P. Schenck, Charles C., A. B. Stoner, Erastus L., A. B.
Ebaugh, A. Newton, Ph. B. Eiesland, John, A. B. Johnson, Edgar H., S. B. Landis, William W., Ph. B.	Morris, John Stokes, A. M. Roberts, Eugene H., B. P. Schenck, Charles C., A. B. Stoner, Erastus L., A. B. Tillman, Henry, S. B.
Ebaugh, A. Newton, Ph. B. Eiesland, John, A. B. Johnson, Edgar H., S. B. Landis, William W., Ph. B. Lehmer, Derrick, A. B.	Morris, John Stokes, A. M. Roberts, Eugene H., B. P. Schenck, Charles C., A. B. Stoner, Erastus L., A. B. Tillman, Henry, S. B. Watts, Roland, A. B.

SEMITIC LANGUAGES.

Caldwell, Rev. William.

Tracey, Rev. Joseph V., A. B.
Weaver, Rev. Edward E., A. M.

ROMANCE LANGUAGES.

Bonnotte, Ferdinand. Johnston, Oliver M., A. B. DeHaan, Fonger. Klenner, Rudolph F., Ph. D. Jenkins, Thomas A., A. B. Thieme, Hugo P., A. B.

PATHOLOGY AND MEDICINE.

Amos, Raymond A., M. D. Baldwin, Helen, M. D. Berkley, Henry J., M. D. Booker, William D., M. D. Bowen, Henry M., M. D. Clement, Albert W., V. S. Cone, Claribel. M. D. Crampton, L. W., M. D. Crawford, Albert C, M. D. Crouch, J. Frank, M. D. Dean, Maria M., M. D. Dodge, Charles L., M. D. Fish, Earl H., M. D. Gamble, Cary B., Jr., M. D. Gaylord, Harvey R, M. D. Greene, J. B., M. D. Harrison, William G., M. D. Horne, B. Frank, M. D. Hough, James S., M. D. Howard, William T., Jr., M. D. Keir, Erskine J., M. D., C M. Kirkbride, Thomas S., M. D. Martenet, I. Fussel, M. D.

Miller, G. Brown, M. D. Morris, John N., M. D. Murray, John D., M. D. Packard, Francis R., M. D. Pearson, Herbert R., M. D. Pease, Herbert D., M. D. Phillips, I. R., M. D., C. M. Pollack, Flora, M. D. Pollack, Ida, M. D. Reinhard, Ferdinand, M. D. Ruhrah, John, M. D. Sanger, Frank D., M. D. Simon, Charles E., M. D. Smith, William S., M. D. Sonobe, Simeon H., M. D. Stevenson, Harry B., M. D. Thayer, William S., M. D. Tuttle, Mary B., M. D. Walter, Milton R., M. D. Watson, William T., M. D. Weist, Henry H., M. D. Wilson, Cunningham, M. D. Woodruff, Charles E., M. D.

.......Barker, Lewellys F., M. B.

GEOLOGY AND MINEROLOGY.

Fellow	
FELLOW BY COURTESY	
University Scholars	Prindle, Louis M., A. B.
	Lewis, Joseph V., S. B.

Bagg, Rufus M., A. B. Beyer, Samuel W., S. B. Gane, Henry S., A. B. Grimsley, George P., A. M. Nitze, Henry B. C., E. M. Platt, Charles, Ph. D. Roberts, David E., A. B. Shattuck, George B., S. B. Smith, George O., A. B.

SANSKRIT.

Simonds, T. Stanley, A. B.

MEDICAL STUDENTS.

Bardeen, Charles R., A. B. Brown, Thomas R., A. B. Church, Cornelia C., A. B. Davis, Walter S., S. B. Day, Lester W., Ph. B. Glover, Mabel S., S. B. Hamburger, Louis P., A. B. Hunner, Guy L., S. B.

Lyon, Irving P., A. B.
McCulloh, William W., A. B.
Mitchell, James F., A. B.
Nichols, Joseph L., A. B.
Packard, Mary S., A. B.
Pancoast, Omar B., S. B.
Penrose, Clement A., A. B.
Strong, Richard P., Ph. B.



THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President Elgin R. L. Gould, Ph. D., '86.
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer Henry O. Thompson, A. B., '87.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE OFFICERS AND

Maurice Bloomfield, Ph. D., '79,	JOHN HINKLEY, A. B., '84,
Wm. P. Lyons, A. B., '84,	Alfred R. L. Dohme, A. B., '86,
C. Morton Stewart, Jr., A. B., '91,	Cyrus Adler, Ph.D., '87,
Dr. J. H. O'Donovan, A. B., '88,	Waldo Newcomer, A. B., '89.
I. I. GRIFFITH LEE	A B '02

The Alumni Association of the Johns Hopkins University has just entered upon its eighth year of existence; and though it may be considered an infant by the other organizations of like nature in the collegiate world, it claims attention by reason of its youthful vigor and the promise of additional strength before many future years will have passed.

The University graduates men of a maturer age than is usual at colleges, and it is due to this fact that our alumni are able at an early date to make positions for themselves. If Johns Hopkins were nothing but a college, we should have to wait years before her pupils could obtain the confidence which marks the approbation of the public.

As it is now, the young Bachelor of Arts, filled with his fundamental ideas and inspirations, has the opportunity to mould his awakened mind and mature himself within our Alma Mater's fold.

Thus it is that the same people who are wont to regard the Bachelor with a smile of amusement at the attention he demands, give voluntarily their respect and regard to the Doctor of Philosophy, who cannot be superficial.

And it is this lack of superficiality that has made our Ph. D. Alumni what they are, while the high stand the University has taken in the world at large has been in a great degree due to them.

Of course it is to be understood that we are proud of our A. B's., too, and think they are better than those of other colleges, but they are as yet too young to do great things and their spurs are yet unwon.

Next to the honor of the University, every Johns Hopkins man should look to the honor of the Alumni Association, for that is the means by which his connection with the University is to be maintained after he has graduated.

In order to be of service to our Alma Mater, each graduate should at once enroll himself a member of this organization to show publicly how great is his love and fondness for the kindly mother who has filled his mind with jolly recollections and his heart with joy.

There is nothing finer in the nature of man than the warmth of friendship formed in the impressionable period of youth, and an association for that purpose occupies a high moral station. So it is with a recognition of the value of this greeting that the Alumni stretch forth their hands to the class of Ninety-four and welcome them into their ranks.

NEW YORK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The New York Alumni Association was organized the 7th of April, 1893. The meeting for organization was attended by twenty Alumni of Johns Hopkins; letters were received from forty-two.

On the 21st of April a dinner and a meeting were held at Morello's. At this meeting officers were elected and the report of the Committee on Organization was received. By-Laws were adopted and a permanent New York Alumni Association established.

Within the cities of New York and Brooklyn and the immediate vicinity, there are located over one hundred graduates of Johns Hopkins University. A list of such persons has been compiled. To each was sent an invitation to a meeting in January, 1894. From the number present and from replies received it is evident that the New York Association is well-founded and destined to be one of the most vigorous of the Johns Hopkins Alumni Associations.

THE NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION OF JOHNS HOPKINS ALUMNI.

On February 22, 1892, a meeting of the Madison Alumni of the Johns Hopkins University was held at the University of Wisconsin, and a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Hobbs, Haskins and Jastrow, to correspond with alumni in neighboring states and mature plans for organization. In March of the same year a simple constitution was drawn up, according to which membership in the Association was defined. Those residents of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota who had taken a degree or held a fellowship in the University were made regular members, while others who had pursued courses there were entitled to become associate members. The officers for the first year were: President, Charles H. Haskins; Vice-President, George T. W. Patrick; Secretary, William H. Hobbs.

February 22, 1893, a regular meeting was held in the University of Chicago. About thirty members were present, including a good representation from distant institutions. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Henry Herbert Donaldson, Ph. D., '85, Professor of Comparative Neurology, Chicago University; Vice-President, Joseph Jastrow, Ph. D., '86, Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology, Wisconsin University; Secretary, James Taft Hatfield, Ph. D., '90, Professor of German, Northwestern University. After the transaction of business the members betook themselves to a luncheon, at which President Harper and ex-President Chamberlain were guests, and made addresses in which they expressed their appreciation of the work which Johns Hopkins is doing for higher education in America. More informal toasts filled very pleasantly the remainder of the time.

While the Association is but young, it is believed that it has already done a valuable service in uniting those who are striving individually for the higher ends of education, and in definitely reviving the associations of academic work. It is also hoped that plans may be matured for enabling the Association to accomplish some positive work in furthering the interests of the Johns Hopkins University.

THE '91 ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President,						CHARLES	МсН.	Howard.
Vice-Presiden	t,					Charles	W. L.	Johnson.
Secretary and	! Trea	isure	7,			Т АСОВ	Н. Но	LLANDER.

The academic year now drawing to a close has been, in many respects, a notable one in the life of the '91 Alumni Association. During it, the third annual reunion was held, with a large representation of the class present; a tasty brochure or bulletin was issued, giving details of the activity of each member during the interval since graduation,—and above all, the experience of the year has made it evident that the brotherhood of 'q1 is something more than a transient tie, and that as long as two good and righteous men of its number survive, a reunion will be held in the week before Christmas to renew old intimacies and to tell again in song and toast the glories of undergraduate life. The Annual Report, or the "Bulletin," is a handsome booklet of some fifty pages, edited by Lefevre and Shriver. Brigham has contributed a tasty frontispiece, Hollander has written an acrostic as a greeting, President Gilman and Dean Griffin have added pleasant messages of good-will and congratulation, and every single one of the "half a hundred regulars and eleven reserves" that make up the institutional life of Ninety-One is represented in the body of the work by a fraternal message. The little book is the first of what is hoped to be a long series of annual Bulletins of '91. It is hoped they will do something both to strengthen the bonds of this particular class, and to stimulate other Hopkins classes to the possibility of a closer union and a warmer fraternity.

The reunion dinner at the Rennert on the evening of December 21 was an eminent success. Harry Cooke, who had left for Colorado a month before graduation in 1891, broken and shattered in health, had accurately gauged his visit East, and was at the board, hale and hearty again. Dobbin was at his best. Mitchell told of the further fortunes of a yellow dog. Slick sang his little "sing," and even the shade of Johns Hopkins must have looked out in staid surprise from his opposite mansion, when, far in the night, a lingering string filed slowly out from the hotel portal, gave a shrill '91 yell, wrung hands warmly, and with "'94 and reunion" on their lips separated for another year.

THE '92 ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President,			THOMAS R. BROWN.
Secretary and Treasurer,			CHARLES WEATHERS BUMP.
			John Stewart, Jr.,
Executive Committee, .		•	LEON E. GREENBAUM,
			W. CALVIN CHESTNUT.

"A word from '92," is a most pleasant command; and yet when one sits down to decide what that word shall be, so many happy memories of the days when we were Seniors flit before our eyes that it becomes almost impossible to give expression to the friendly wishes which we fain would write. It was the close association with one's classmates in our final year that gave rise to the warm affection which has been the mainspring of the success of '92's annual reunions. L. E. P. brought us together daily, and the preparation of our classbook was a topic in which everyone naturally felt the deepest interest. The same causes are operating upon you of '94; you come together daily to discuss physiological psychology and flirt with cunning little "Barbara"; and you have your little differences of opinion about what should and should not go into the book. May these influences draw you together as closely in future years as they have done with '92! May you have an Alumni Association which will take an honorable place in the cycle which was begun by '91 and continued with equal ardor by us of '92!

Our own Alumni Association, to borrow a simile from our medical associates, has teethed successfully and passed its second summer with extraordinarily good health. In fact, it is worthy of record that our attendance at the banquet, which was held at the Equitable Café on February 3, was more than half as large again as the number which turned out at our first reunion. Many old faces were missed, but those who were there were animated with even more zest than of yore. Every one was called upon to say something, and the toasts to old times, the merry reminiscences of some of our undergraduate escapades, carried us on with enthusiasm until it was time to disband.

The reunion is worthy of notice on account of the adoption of

several schemes for putting the Association on a firmer footing and for drawing the men even closer together. Probably the most novel of these was a resolution to give a class cup, suitably inscribed, to the first baby born to any member of the Class. It is reported that Cupid and Hymen have already conspired to enmesh and make Benedicts of several of our classmates, and there is every indication that it will not be long before the committee appointed for that purpose will find it their duty to award the cup to the first "Junior '92."

The Class also voted to collect a series of biographical sketches of the members of the Class, not for immediate publication, but for preservation until some future time when the men shall be even more widely scattered than they are now, until we have done something which shall really deserve publicity.

THE '93 ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The Class of '93 from J. H. U., following the example of '91 and '92, has formed an Alumni Association for the advancement of good fellowship and fraternity among its members, and for a continual reminder and renewer of loyalty to its Alma Mater.

The Association had its birth at the Graduating Banquet of the Class, so that the members of the Class might not for a moment lose their unity, but have continual existence as a body from October, 1890, when they first met, until the last one departs this life.

Clayland Mullikin was elected President, with Douglas H. Thomas, Vice-President; J. L. G. Lee, Secretary and Treasurer; C. W. Newhall, C. B. Penrose and M. A. Soper as Executive Committee.

The first regular meeting was held on Commemoration Day of this year.

Some of us have had varied experiences already. For instance, two are reported engaged, and the other members of the Class are looking forward to the two marriages with much delight, expecting to celebrate the occasion of the first marriage with proper ceremonies. Strange to say, one of the fellows led the Class for two years—it is meet and proper that he should be the first to be blessed with a companion for life. The other was one of the popular men in the Class. No wonder he was also chosen by the fair sex. We wish both of our classmates all the happiness possible.

Another member of our Class, E. L. Turnbull, is spending the Winter in Rome, after several months of European travel. We had a letter from him the other day from the "Hotel de la Minerve." He says

he has made friends with one Francesco Checcacci and his wife. The attraction being a young English girl staying with them. Eddie says he takes this attraction walking every Sunday afternoon "over the hills and far away." He has a high hat also. If this were a prophecy I would predict Edwin to be the next married man.

Douglas Thomas is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology studying architecture—taking three years in two. Doug. is a hustler. We hear he is sought much by Boston's aristocratic society. The Boston girls would appreciate his college nickname, "Angel Face." He writes that he regrets not being with us on Commemoration Day.

Billy B. has undergone a complete change. He has settled down to a steady reliable business; is at his office at nine in the morning. But Bill still has a horror of New York on Thanksgiving Day.

The Ahrens are still in Baltimore but expect to go to Germany soon. They love their motherland.

Laury Clark has gone to West Virginia as an engineer. Coburn is running the electric plant on Madison Avenue. Says it works him a little hard, but he don't mind that.

Griff. is Sporting Editor of the *News*. He shows it too. Strange how soon they catch the air.

Hamburger will lead the first class that graduates from the Hopkins Medical School, so report says.

Jackson is "doing" society this Winter in a high hat. Moses is at the Law School and is ready to help any member of '93 when he has the chance. He is the great chess player. By the way, Mullikin is practicing law in Easton.

Opie is in medicine. Sonneborn is at the head of one of the biggest clothing houses in the South.

Harry Price is contemplating going on the stage as a pretty girl. (Harry makes a beauty girl.) Rox and Allen are studying medicine. Bill Thompson is running a race-track near Washington. (Bill's children will be able to say some day that "When father was young he was a bit of a buck.")

Now with this we will close. A farewell to the Class of '94, and good wishes for all possible luck and happiness. And we will gladly welcome you in 1895 at the Johns Hopkins Alumni Banquet.



Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Harvard Eta. Brown Kappa. Boston Upsilon. Maine State Beta Eta. Amherst Beta Iota. Dartmouth Alpha Omega. Wesleyan Mu Epsilon. Yale Phi Chi. Rutgers Beta Gamma. Cornell Beta Delta. Stevens Sigma. St. Lawrence Beta Zeta. Colgate Beta Theta. Union Nu. Columbia Alpha Alpha. Syracuse Beta Epsilon. Dickinson Alpha Sigma. Johns Hopkins Alpha Chi. Pa. State College Alpha Upsilon. Lehigh Beta Chi. Hampden-Sidney Zeta. North Carolina Eta Beta. Virginia Omicron. Davidson Plu Alpha. Richmond Alpha Kappa. Centre Epsilon. Cumberland Mu. Vanderbilt Beta Lambda.	University of Cincinnati Beta Nu. Ohio Beta Kappa. Western Reserve Beta. Washington-Jefferson Gamma. Ohio Wesleyan Theta. Bethany Psi. Wittenberg Alpha Gamma. Denison Alpha Eta. Wooster Alpha Lambda. Kenyon Beta Alpha. Ohio State Theta Delta. De Pauw Delta. Indiana Pi. Michigan Lambda. Wabash Tau. Hanover Iota. Knox Alpha Xi. Beloit Chi University of Iowa Alpha Beta. Chicago Lambda Rho. Iowa Wesleyan Alpha Epsilon. Wisconsin Alpha Pi. Northwestern Rho. Minnesota Beta Pi. Westminster Alpha Delta. Kansas Alpha Nu. California Omega. Denver Alpha Zeta.
TexasBeta Omicron.	Nebraska
Miami	MissouriZeta Phi.





Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

ALPHA CHI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1839.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1878.

CHAPTER HOUSE—1032 N. EUTAW STREET.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

GRADUATES.

George M. Bolling. Reid Hunt. William W. McCulloh. George Lefevre.

Undergraduates.

Ninety-five.

Wilbur W. Ballagh.

Bethel Boude.

Charles D. Smoot.

Ninety-Six.

Alfred D. Harden.

Alexander R. Stevens.

ALUMNI AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Thomas S. Baker, Clyde B. Furst, J. Elliott Gilpin, Arthur L. Lamb, Clement A. Primrose, Brantz M. Rozel, George Shipley, Charles P. Sigerfoos.

Charles F. Woods, Jr.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Dr. Delano Ames,
Dr. E. C. Applegarth,
L. T. Appold,
Charles G. Baldwin,
Randolph Barton, Jr.
C. Pliny Brigham,

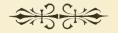
Walter C. Brigham,

Daniel N. Brinton,
Dr. Powhatan Clarke,
Robert C. Cole, Jr.,
Vernon Cook,
George Cox,
W. Benton Crisp,
William C. Day,

John W. Dietrich, Jules Dufour, Thomas I. Elliott, John P. Fleming, Henry L. Gantt, Edgar Goodman, Wm. A. Hanway, J. Hemsley Johnson, Dr. E. S. Lambdin, J. R. Larus, F. S. Lee, John Loney, J. D. Lord, Jr., John W. Lowe, Dr. John N. McKenzie, Wm. L. Marbury, Waldo Newcomer. Dr. I. R. Page, W. W. Patton, Charles B. Penrose, Jr. Wm. H. Perkins, Jr.

James Reaney, Jr., Albert M. Reese, *Arthur L. Reese, Rev. George Scholl, Samuel H. Sessions, Henry Shirk, Jr., B. B. Shreeves, Dr. Charles E. Simon, Dr. W. F. Smith, Willoughby N. Smith, Lester L. Stevens, Rev. W. R. Stricklen, G. B. Wade, W. A. Wade, Dr. Wm. S. Watson, Rev. E. E. Weaver, Henry H. Wiegand, L. W. Wilhelm, Henry W. Williams, Rev. L. B. Wilson, Dr. J. R. Winslow.

* Deceased.



Pbi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Pennsylvania Alpha,	Washington and Jefferson College,	1852
Virginia Alpha,	University of Virginia,	1853
Virginia Beta,	Washington and Lee University,	1855
Pennsylvania Beta,	Allegheny College,	1855
Pennsylvania Gamma,	Bucknell University,	1855
Pennsylvania Epsilon,	Pennsylvania College,	1855
Virginia Gamma,	Hampden-Sidney College,	1855
South Carolina Alpha,	South Carolina University,	1857
Mississippi Alpha,	University of Mississippi,	1857
Pennsylvania Zeta,	Dickinson College,	1859
Pennsylvania Eta,	Franklin and Marshall College,	1860
Ohio Alpha,	Ohio Wesleyan University,	1861
Illinois Alpha,	Northwestern University,	1864
Indiana Alpha,	De Pauw University,	1865
Ohio Beta,	Wittenberg College,	1866
District of Columbia,	Columbian University,	1868
New York Alpha,	Cornell University,	1869
Pennsylvania Theta,	Lafayette College,	1869
Indiana Beta,	Indiana University,	1869
Indiana Gamma,	Wabash College,	1870
Wisconsin Alpha,	University of Wisconsin,	1875
Kansas Alpha,	University of Kansas,	1876
Michigan Alpha,	University of Michigan,	1876
Maryland Alpha,	Johns Hopkins University,	1876
Pennsylvania Iota,	University of Pennsylvania,	1877
Ohio Delta,	Ohio State University,	1880
Wisconsin Gamma,	Beloit College,	1881
New York Beta,	Syracuse University,	1884
Minnesota Beta,	University of Minnesota,	1887
New York Epsilon,	Colgate University,	1888
Pennsylvania Kappa,	Swathmore College,	1889
West Virginia Alpha,	University of West Virginia,	1890
New York Gamma,	Columbia College,	1891
Iowa Alpha,	Iowa University,	1891
California Beta,	Leland Stanford University,	1892

Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

MARYLAND ALPHA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1852.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1879.

CHAPTER HOUSE-600 N. HOWARD STREET.

MEMBERS OF ACADEMIC STAFF.

J. W. Bright,

M. D. Learned, E. R. L. Gould,

W. W. Randall,

Woodrow Wilson.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

GRADUATES.

William Pierce Anderson,

Henry Fay,

James F. Mitchell,

G. Frank Turner.

George H. Hill,

Thomas Dobbin Penniman.

Ninety-four.

William S. Baer.

Thomas Wood Hastings,

George S. Maynard.

Ninety-five.

Lawrason Brown,

Charles Bevan Clark,

Warren Harlan Crampton.

Ninety-six.

Clarence K. McCornick,

C. Harwood Knight,

Willis S. McCornick, William D. Lilly,

Jasper A. McCaskell.

FRATRES IN URBE.

William Baker, Jr., John S. Bridges, Alexander Brown,

J. Edward Bird, Rev. I. C. Burke, R. W. Bosley,



As IT



W. H. Bosley, W. B. Brooks, N. P. Carey, E C. Carrington, J. Howell Carroll, William Cline, Jr., J. T. Crowe, W. K. Cromwell, H. J. Farber, Dr. S. J. Fork, B. B. Gordon, Douglas H. Gordon, Jr., Wilmot Griffiss, William J. Guard, W. N. Haxall, William S. Hilles, Sebastian Hodges, C. M. Howard, B. H. James, William Knox,

P. M. Leakin, J. L. G. Lee, Robert Magruder, R. H. Murphy, C. W. Neff, J. Neff, Eugene L. Opie, J. G. Pitts, Rev. P. M. Prescott. Dr. G. D. Preston, Robert Reuling. Albert Ritchie, J. W. Sanders, Alan P. Smith, Frank Thomas, H. M. Thomas, P. W. S. Tunstall, R. M. Venable, J. H. Wilmer, Hiram Woods,

Alexander Watkins.



Phi Kappa Psi Alumni Association

OF MARYLAND.

President.

Vice-President.

GEORGE D. PENNIMAN.

RALPH ROBINSON.

Secretary.

Treasurer

HOWARD P. SADTLER.

DANIEL M. MURRAY.

Executive Committee.

GEORGE D. PENNIMAN,

DANIEL M. MURRAY,

Alan McLane, Jr.,

ISAAC McCurley,

Dr. George I. Preston,

HOWARD P. SADTLER.

MEMBERS.

Michael A. Agelasto, William H. Bayless, Herbert M. Brune, T. Morris Brown, George Carey, Nielson P. Carey, Dr. P. J. Dashiell, Edward J. Farber, Charles Frick, D. S. Gittings, W. L. Glenn, D. Dorsey Guy, Julian S. Jones, Benjamin Kurtz, F. Albert Kurtz. Berwick Lanier.

Robert M. McLane,
John Mason,
Richard H. Pleasants, Jr.,
John Pleasants,
S. Johnson Poe,
William B. Penniman,
Robert Reuling,
Abraham Sharp

Abraham Sharp, S. D. Schumacher, Nathan R. Smith, Alan P. Smith, Jr., Frank S. Thomas, John F. Williams, W. Wallace Whitelock, T. K. Worthington.

Phi Kappa Psi Alumni Associations.

Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia, Maryland, Cincinnati. Springfield, Ohio, Cleveland, Chicago, Washington, Kansas City,

Twin City (Minneapolis and St. Paul).

Delta Phi fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha, Union College, Beta, Brown University,

Gamma, University of New York,

Delta, Columbia College, Epsilon, Rutgers College, Zeta, Harvard University,

Eta, University of Pennsylvania,

Lambda, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute,

Nu, Lehigh University,

Xi, Johns Hopkins University, Omicron, Sheffield Scientific School,

Pi, Cornell University.

Delta Phi Fraternity.

Fraternity Founded 1827.

Chapter Founded at Johns Hopkins University, 1885.

Chapter House—849 Hamilton Terrace.

MEMBERS.

GRADUATES.

Sidney H. Brown, Philip R. Moale, Henry A Cooley, Harry B. Nitze,

Frederick H. Finche, M. D.,
Samuel V. Hoffman,

Fiducate P. Manning

W. S. Syminaton, In

Edward P. Manning, W. S. Symington, Jr.,

E. McE. Van Ness, M. D.

Undergraduates.

Ninety-four.

Samuel G. Cornell,

Lewis Warrington Cottman,

James Piper, John Saunders Taylor,

Robert Bogardus Parker, Joseph Pembroke Thom,

Perè Letherbury Wickes, Jr.

Ninety-five.

Roland B. Harvey, Stuart Symington Janney, John Donalson Parker, Betie McIlvine Torrense.

Ninety-six.

Thomas B. Harrison, George H. Hodges,

Henry Walters Kennard,

Harry P. Parker,

Albert Cabell Ritchie.

Delta Ibi Alumni Association.

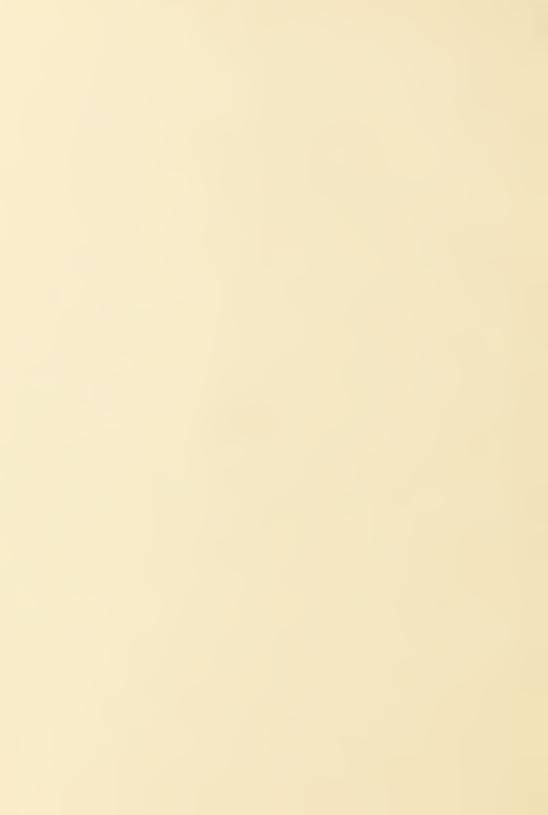
Treasurer Philip R. Moale.

FRATRES IN URBE.

A. Duvall Atkinson, Johns S. Billings, Jr., M. D., J. J. Blondin, S. William Briscoe, Arthur L. Browne, William H. Browne, Jr., George W. Dobbin, Robert Archibald Dobbin, Edward McCulloh Fisher. Benjamin C. Howard, Thomas C. Jenkins,

Eugene Levering, Jr., William B. Paca. Hunter Robb, M. D., Ernest Stokes, M. D., William Royal Stokes, M. D., Henry O. Thompson, Douglas C. Turnbull, Eugene McE. Van Ness, M. D. Thomas Whitridge, William Whitridge, R. G. Williams.





Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Hamilton,	Hamilton College,	1832
Columbia,	Columbia College,	1837
Yale,	Yale University,	1837
Amherst,	Amherst College,	1837
Brunonian,	Brown University,	1837
Harvard,	Harvard University,	1837
Hudson,	Adelbert College,	1841
Bowdoin,	Bowdoin College,	1841
Dartmouth,	Dartmouth College,	1845
Peninsular,	University of Michigan,	1846
Rochester,	University of Rochester,	1850
Williams,	Williams College,	1851
Manhattan,	College of the City of New York,	1855
Middletown,	Wesleyan University,	1856
Kenyon,	Kenyon College,	1858
Union,	University,	1859
Cornell,	Cornell University,	1869
Phi Kappa,	Trinity College,	1878
Johns Hopkins,	Johns Hopkins University,	1889
Minnesota,	University of Minnesota,	1892
Toronto,	University of Toronto,	1893

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.

JOHNS HOPKINS CHAPTER.

Fraternity Founded 1832.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1886.

CHAPTER HOUSE-No. 8 MADISON STREET, WEST.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Daniel C. Gillman, William B. Clark, George H. Williams, Charles L. Poor.

Joseph S. Ames, Bernard C. Steiner.

GRADUATES.

Wm. J. A. Bliss, Harvard, '88. H. McElderry Knower, J. H. U, '90. Thos. Richardson Brown, J. H. U., '92. Edw. Fitch Northrup, Amherst, '91. Henry Stewart Gane, Amherst, '91. Jesse Siddall Reeves, Amherst, '91. Leroy Gresham, Princeton, '92. B. Franklin Sharpe, Wes. Univ., '87. Chas. W. L. Johnson, J. H. U., '91. R. Alston Stevenson, Princeton, 92. Theo. Woolsey Johnson, J. H. U., '92. Charles Joseph West, J. H. U., '91.

UNDERGRADUATES.

Ninety-four.

John Griffith Ames, 2nd., Arthur Henry Baxter, Charles Angelo Conrad, Benjamin Howell Griswold, Jr., Harry Taylor Marshall, Louis Wardlaw Miles,

John Eugene Howard Post.

Ninety-five.

Warren Buckler, Charles Alexander Kilvert, Ellis Barcroft Long, Jacob Hall Pleasants, Jr., John Hanson Thomas, William Whitridge Williams,

Ninety-six.

Edwin Delaplaine Nelson.



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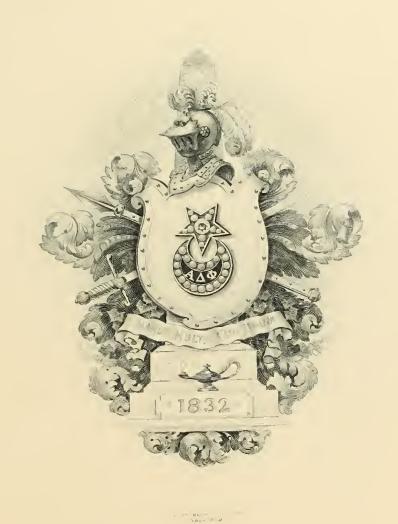
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FRATRES IN URBE.

Adolph H. Ahrens, Theodore G. Ahrens, W. H. H. Anderson, Walter H. Baldwin, William H. Blackford, Leigh Bonsal, Jeffrey R. Brackett, George Stewart Brown, Shellman B. Brown, Carter Bowie, Rev. John P. Campbell, Samuel S. Carroll, Bernard M. Carter. Charles H. Carter, Rev. George C. Carter, Shirley Carter, Samuel C. Donalson, William Levering Devries, Miles Farrow, Benjamin H. Griswold, G. Blagden Hazlehurst, Charles E. Hill, J. S. Hodges, Rowland W. Hodges, G. G. Hooper, H. J. Jewett, Jr.,

E. Parkin Keech, William Keyser, Jr., Richard H. Lawrence, Rev. Dwight E. Lyman, John D. McDonald, Henry R. Micks, William Robinson Molinard. George C. Morrison, J. Alexander Preston, Howard B. Shipley, C. Bohn Slingluff, J. Donnell Smith, R. Clinton Smith, Charles M. Stewart, Jr., Gustav L. Stewart, John Stewart, Jr., Redmond C. Stewart, Henry Stockbridge, Felix R. Sullivan, Samuel Theobald, Jr., James Thompson, Douglas H. Thomas, Jr., J. A. Tomkins, Jr., Edwin L. Turnbull, Rev. W. F. Watkins, Jr., Julian Leroy White,

Rev. Franklin Wilson.



Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Massachusetts Inst. Technology, Worcester Polytechnic Institute,

Yale University,

College City of New York,

Columbia College,

University City of New York,

Colgate University, Cornell University,

Washington and Jefferson College,

University of Pennsylvania,

Bucknell University, Pennsylvania College,

Allegheny College,

Muhlenberg College, Lafayette College,

Lehigh University,

Pennsylvania State College, Johns Hopkins University,

University of North Carolina,

University of Virginia,

Roanoke College, Hampden-Sidney College,

Washington and Lee University,

Richmond College, Marietta College,

Wittenberg College,

Ohio Wesleyan University,

Denison University,
Ohio State University,

Wooster University,

University of Michigan,

Indiana State University,

De Pauw University,

Hanover College, Wabash College,

Illinois Wesleyan University,

Knox College,

University of Minnesota,

Bethel College,

University of Tennessee,

University of Kansas, Wm. Sewell College,

Trinity College,

Union College,

University of Wisconsin,

University of California,

Leland Stanford University.





phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.

BETA MU CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1848.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

CHAPTER HOUSE-1014 LINDEN AVENUE,

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Ninety-four.

John W. Corning, I. V. Lewis, William A. Nitze, Charles E. Phelps, Jr., J. Hurst Purnell, James W. Young.

Ninety-five.

R. Carll Foster, Harry H. Hubner, Wm. H. Mullikin, John H. Robinson,

Campbell E. Waters.

Ninety-six.

Malcolm Hill.

G. Franklin Upshur.

FRATRES IN URBE.

(Southern Alumni Association.)

Secretary......JAMES E. PARR, JR. Treasurer Frank V. Rhodes.

W. Scott Amoss, Robert F. Brent, Iames E. Carr. W. Calvin Chestnut, F. Henry Copper, Charles H. Dickey, J. Hooper Edmondson, Arthur D. Foster, James Swan Frick, Dr. D. Frank Garland. James H. Giese,

Alfred B Giles, M. D., Stephen C. Harry, George E. Ijams, James C. Ingram, Lloyd L. Jackson, Frank V. Rhodes, B. II. Richards, Jr., M. H. Sherretts, J. Ogle Warfield, I. Chambers Weeks, Otto B. Weik,

Frank West, M. D.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(SOUTHERN.)

CHAPTER ROLL.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Alpha,	Washington and Lee University,	1865
Beta,	Virginia Military Institute,	1868
Gamma,	University of Georgia,	1 868
Delta,	Wofford College,	1869
Epsilon,	Emory College,	1869
Zeta,	Randolph-Macon College,	1869
Eta,	Richmond College,	1870
Theta,	State College of Kentucky,	1871
Iota,	Furman University,	1872
Карра,	Mercer University,	1873
Lambda,	University of Virginia,	1873
Nu,	Alabama A. and M. College,	1883
Xi,	Southwestern University,	1883
Omicron,	University of Texas,	1883
Pi,	University of Tennessee,	1883
Sigma,	Davidson College,	1880
Upsilon,	University of North Carolina,	1881
Phi,	Southern University,	1882
Chi,	Vanderbilt University,	1883
Psi,	Tulane University,	1883
Omega,	Centre College,	1883
Alpha-Alpha,	University of the South,	1884
Alpha-Beta,	University of Alabama,	1885
Alpha-Gamma,	Louisiana State University,	1886
Alpha-Delta,	William Jewell College,	1887
Alpha-Epsilon,	Southwestern Presbyterian University,	1887
Alpha-Zeta,	William and Mary College,	1890
Alpha-Eta,	Westminster College,	1890
Alpha-Theta,	Kentucky University,	1891
Alpha-lota,	Centenary College,	1891
Alpha-Kappa.	Missouri State University,	1891
Alpha-Lambda,	Johns Hopkins University,	1891
Alpha-Mu.	Millsaps College,	1893





kappa Alpha Fraternity.

(Southern.)

ALPHA LAMBDA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1865.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

GRADUATES.

Julius Blume, F. W. Pickel,

J. A. C. Chandler, James Henry Pridgeon,

Carey E. Folk, E. L. Reid,

Fonger DeHaan, Henry Skinner West, J. D. MacNeil, Hugo Paul Thieme.

Undergraduates.

Ninety-four.

Thomas Fitzpatrick Cameron, Ernest P. Magruder.

Ninety-five.

C. H. H. Branch, Harding B. Branch.

Ninety-six.

Frederick J. Bentley.

FRATRES IN URBE.

S. Z. Ammen, W. A. Hamilton,
G. L. Andrews, W. M. Redwood,
Edward B. Anderson, John Singleton,
W. S. Brown, F. S. R. Smith,

Edwin Burgess, F. G. Wilson,

W. Zemp.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

Macon, Augusta, Norfolk, Richmond, New York, Raleigh,

Washington.

STATE ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

South Carolina, Louisiana, Virginia.

Alabama, Tennessee.

97

Phi Theta Psi Fraternity.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha, Washington and Lee University,

Beta, University of Virginia, Gamma, Richmond College,

Delta, William and Mary College, Epsilon, Randolph-Macon College, Zeta, Hampden-Sidney College,

Eta, Kenyon College, Theta, Columbia College,

Iota, Johns Hopkins University.

Phi Theta Psi Fraternity.

IOTA CHAPTER.

CHAPTER ESTABLISHED 1892.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE,

GRADUATES.

Samuel Rivers Hendren.

Ninety-four.

Adolph E. Baker, Eli Frank, Frank Roy Rutter, William Wingert.

Ninety-five.

Glanville Yeisley Rusk.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Harry Clayton Hopkins, George R. Kelso, Jr., William Bevan Rayner.





Members of Fraternities Baving no Chapters at the University.

Α. Τ. Ω.

J. P. Kinard,

F. A. Lupton.

Δ. Κ. Ε.

W. S. Davis,

A. S. Haggett,

C. D. Hazen,

T. F. Kane,

E. B. Mathews,

E. Roberts,

G. O. Smith,

E. B. T. Spencer.

Δ. Τ. Δ.

E. B. Lease.

Δ. Υ.

B. B. Brackett,

C. S. Estes,

L. C. Newell,

C. Platt,

M. Takaki,

J. H. Tudor.

Δ. Ψ.

N. H. Morrison.

Z. A. E.

S. R. McKee,

W. S. Wilson.

K. A.

(Northern.)

N. E. Griffin,

C. G. Sewall.

K. ∑.

A. H. Wilson.

Σ. N.

C. N. McBryde,

J. M. McBryde.

 Σ . X.

W. E. Henderson.

Ф. В. К.

H. S. Cooley,

E. P. Manning,

J. A. Scott.

Φ. Δ. Θ.

E. C. Armstrong,

R. W. Bagg,

E. C. Franklin,

J. F. Heisse,

G. L. Hunner,

W. W. Landis,

C. Pessels,

H. A. Sayre.

Ф. N. O.

W. F. Dales.

Х. П.

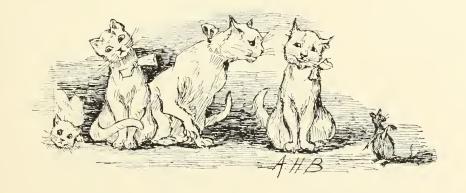
J. N. Anderson.

Ψ. Υ.

H. H. Haynes.



Mu Society.



μυ! μυ! μυ!

Mew! Mew! Mew!

Tom cats of '94.

J. H. U.!

Thom Pembroke,

Primary Mewer,

Tom H.,
Secondary Mewer.

Tom P. B., Secundo-Primary Mewer.

Tom T. P. C., Leader of Open-air Concerts.

Thom A. S.,
Referee of Glove-contests.

Pussy M.,
Champion Boxer.

Scientific Society of Group 3, '94.



Walter S. Amoss, Walter Baumgarten, William S. Baer, Thomas P. Benson, Percy M. Dawson,
Thomas W. Hastings,
Harry T. Marshall,
L. Wardlaw Miles,

Emerson H. Strickler.

"Come Seven!"



MEMBERS.

J. Pembroke Thom,

B. Howell Griswold,

L. Warldlaw Miles,

Harry Taylor Marshall,

Robert A. Dobbin,

James Piper,

J. Griffith Ames.

Insignia Thereof.

The thoughtful Absentee,

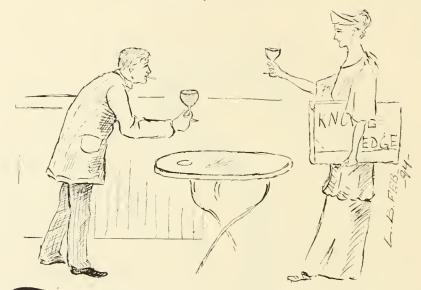
S____g, ''L," The Envious Nominee,
Appollo,
'' Q "

Three Fingers.

Member by Courtesy.

"Sport—."

BEEROLOGY.



HE Faculty desires to announce that the eminent Professor Theodore has accepted the chair of Beerology. The Dean wishes this, his long desired course, to be a popular one. Therefore, lectures and recitations are scheduled for each hour. Most lectures are brief. The evening lectures, few in number, are quite lengthy and intensely interesting. For ambitious students a midnight quiz is conducted by Professor Theodore's assistant, Dr. DeH——.

Professor Theodore completed his studies at Wagner's Law School, in '88, and in the following year was admitted to the Bar. Dr. DeH——, though young, is a competent assistant. He has lately applied for admission to the Bar.

The Beerological Building is closed only from 12 midnight Saturday to 12 midnight Sunday. Students fortunate enough to have gained favor with Professor Theodore can readily obtain admission on Sundays. Thus much time can be passed in the reading-rooms, an important factor in advanced work.

The strict University rule of "no smoking about the buildings" does not apply to this building. This liberty is a comfort to the student and has none of the bad effects prophesied by the conservative element of the Trustees and Faculty.

THE GRADUATE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

FOR FIRST HALF YEAR 1893-94.

Honorary Presider	11,			PROFESSOR HENRY WOOD.
President,				THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER.
Vice-President, .				Charles Johnson.
Secretary,				J. II. HOLLANDER.
Treasurer,				Frederick H. Sykes.

The Graduate Students Association of the Johns Hopkins University is now in the third year of its existence. In this time its importance has been continually increasing, so that we may reasonably expect in the next few years a considerable extension of its usefulness. In organizing the Association, the University Club of ten years ago was kept in mind, and in course of time it is hoped that the present character of the Association may be somewhat changed, and that it may take upon itself more of the nature of a graduate students club. At present. the chief obstacle in the way of securing a house is a lack of financial support. There is probably no feature of the University life that has been more neglected than the social. It has been said again and again, but in spite of the repetitions, the misfortune is none the less great, that students have come here and remained here for years without becoming acquainted with men outside their own special departments. It is to remedy as much as possible this unfortunate state of things that our efforts in the past have been partly directed. This, however, forms only one side of the work. Letters are received frequently from other universities and colleges asking for advice in regard to forming similar associations, and to-day there are associations or clubs of graduate students in almost all the large American universities. During the past year the Harvard, Yale and the Johns Hopkins Graduate Students Associations have published conjointly a book showing the character of the university instruction offered in the various educational institutions of America. The publication of this book may be continued annually.

The importance of associations of graduate students cannot be too highly estimated. If properly developed, they will in time elevate the quality of instruction all over the United States, besides fulfilling their duties in promoting a greater intercourse between the great American universities and colleges.

Societies connected with the J. 1b. U.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

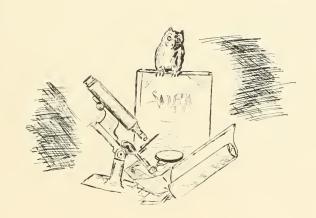
President. 1st Vice-President. 2d Vice President. Treasurer.	Edward B. MathewsLawrason Brown.		
Recording Secretary	George H. Trull.		
Executive	Council,		
Рког. Geo. Н. Еммотт,	CHARLES W. BUMP,		
Walter Steiner,	John L. McClung.		
General Secretary			
NATURALISTS'	FIELD CLUB.		
President. Basil Sollers. Vice-President. Campbell Waters.			
ARCHÆOLOGICAL INST	TITUTE OF AMERICA.		
BALTIMORE	BRANCH.		
President			
Vice-Presidents			
Secretary	J. LEROY WHITE,		

UNIVERSITY CLUB.

President	Basil L. Gildersleeve.
Vice-President	. Skipwith Wilmer.
Secretary	. Herbert B. Adams.
Treasurer	. William A. Wilson.

SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

President.Professor Edw. Renouf.Vice-President.Dr. E. A. Andrews,
Secretary. Dr. Chas. L. Poor.
Ibopkins Ibospital Societies.
HOSPITAL MEDICAL SOCIETY.
President
Secretary
HOSPITAL HISTORICAL CLUB.
President. Dr. William S. Halstead. Secretary Dr. J. M. T. Finney.
HOSPITAL JOURNAL CLUB.
President



In Affectionate Remembrance

of

John Paul Bachmann,

Class '94, 3. B. U.

Dicd April 22, 1893.

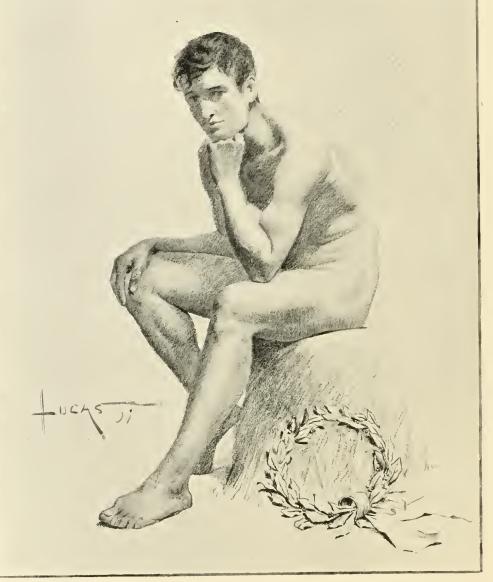
Age 19 Years.

Elthletic Elssociation.

Officers.

President.Professor Renouf.Vice-President.Lawrason Brown.Secretary and Treasurer.Dr. Crenshaw.
Board of Directors,
Delegate from Academic StaffProfessor Renouf.
Delegates from Graduate Students. C. J. West. W. S. Symington.
Delegates from Class '94
Delegates from Class' 95
Delegate from Class '96
Delegates from Alumni Association E. Parker Keech, Jr. George S. Morrison George D. Penniman.

ATHLETICS.



ATHLETICS.

T is useless to deny the important part athletics play in the curriculum of a university or college, not only as being a necessary adjunct to mental training, but as forming one of the most essential and helpful features of college life as well in developing moral courage and physical robustness. Certain it is, too, that a vast majority of the ambitious youths who are about to enter upon their college career have a predilection for a certain institution, because of its prestige in one or more branches of athletics to which they are devoted. What college student, whether an athlete or not, would relinquish the joy of the moments that follow the successful kick, the base hit, the shot at goal, or the last desperate pull at the oars, that carries his college or class team to victory? Such feelings are an education in themselves, and their influence, as an incentive to greater and higher attainments, is felt throughout a lifetime. This feeling is just as strong at Johns Hopkins as it is at those larger institutions of learning where athletics form the chief feature of the undergraduate's career. It is a mistake to suppose that, because a college is unable to hold its own in athletics against these larger institutions, the feeling of chagrin and disappointment at suffering defeat is any less bitter, or the joy and enthusiasm that follow victory less intense, than at a Thanksgiving Day football game in New York

There is a strong patriotic spirit in Hopkins athletics, but it receives little encouragement from the University authorities and, unfortunately, from a portion of the students as well.

Those familiar with the great educational work carried on in the graduate department of the University, know that Johns Hopkins is preeminent among the institutions of higher learning, and many of the students, in their efforts to maintain this great reputation, take no heed whatever of athletics, much to the detriment of their own physical welfare and to the athletic welfare of the University. These "grinds" are to be found among the graduate students. At no other prominent institution of learning in this country do the graduate students outnumber the undergraduates three to one, and it is partly because of the lack of interest on the part of the graduates in the past, that Hopkins athletics

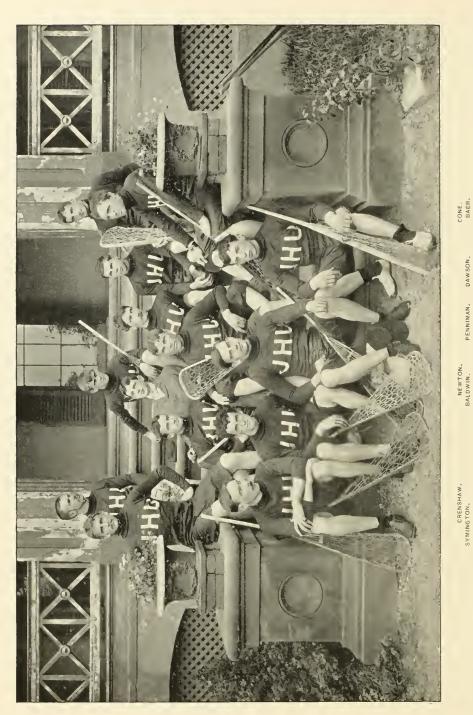
have had such a struggle for existence and recognition. Happily, this state of things is changing for the better, and the welfare of the athletics is no longer left to the small number of students in the collegiate department; but a more hearty co-operation on the part of the Faculty and of the graduate students is still needed. True, it is not to be expected that the older students should have the same feeling for Hopkins as for their alma maters, but a certain amount of interest and active support of the athletics of the University is certainly to be expected. Despite these handicaps the various branches of sports at Johns Hopkins have grown steadily. In baseball, football, lacrosse and other outdoor sports, the "Black and Blue" is rapidly gaining recognition and respect in the world of college athletics.

The opening of the new medical school, which first threw open its doors to students last Fall, will undoubtedly prove a valuable help to Varsity athletics. Out of a class of about fifteen male students three good football men were secured, and among the others there was some excellent material for track and indoor events. If in future years, taking the past year as a basis for comparison, there is an increase in the influence of the medical students upon athletics at the University proportionate to the increase in the number of students at the new school, there ought to be no lack of material for the various teams and the annual exhibitions.

One of the chief handicaps to developing strong teams at Johns Hopkins has been the inaccessible situation of the Clifton grounds. This evil, in a measure, has been remedied by the various rapid transit lines recently put into operation, but daily outdoor practice for candidates for teams is still as dim a possibility of the future as the completion of the Belt Line tunnel. If the city carries out the intention, expressed by the Mayor, of purchasing the beautiful Clifton estate from the University, it may result in the establishing of a Varsity athletic grounds somewhere in the city. The loss of the old Clifton estate would be an endless source of regret and sorrow to many, particularly to those students who, actively or passively, have participated in the many struggles for supremacy that have taken place on the beautiful campus. There are other lucky fellows who have dear associations and tender recollections of shady nooks, babbling brooks and fair companions to while away the time, and these too will weep o'er the loss of Clifton. Sentiment aside, however, if the University disposes of the property, doubtless, in the end, Hopkins athletics will be greatly benefited. If the University can turn out the team she does under the existing disadvantageous circumstances, her athletic capabilities ought to be doubled if convenient grounds are secured. Last year was a most successful one in ath-

letics. The baseball team held its own against Yale, the football eleven showed grand possibilities in the hard fought game with the University of Virginia. The lacrosse team made a good record, as it always does, and creditable work was done in the indoor events. This success has resulted in unusual activity in athletics during the present academic year. Professional coachers are now regarded as a necessity, graduate students are becoming an important factor in the make-up of the teams, advisory committees have at last assumed some responsibility in running the various teams, the Athletic Association has shown an inclination to rouse from its lethargic sleep, and some system in the management of athletics seems to have been firmly established. The recent exhibition of the Athletic Association which far surpassed those of former years, showed what a greatly increased interest is taken in indoor events. In fact, since the illustrious Class of '94 has been at the helm, Hopkins athletics have assumed a prominence and standard never before reached, and it leaves to its successors the prospects of chronicling still greater achievements of the wearers of the "Black and Blue."





ROSZEL.

CRAMPTON. CAMERON.

PENNIMAN. DAWSON. JANNEY, PHINIZY.

STRAUS.

Johns Idopkins Lacrosse Team, 1893.

Lacrosse Committee.

	Lacrosse Commutee	·	
B. M. Roszel,	W. S. Symington,	W. S. Baer.	
T. D. Penniman, Captain		C. W. Baldwin, Manager.	
	TEAM.		
J. B. Crenshaw, Goal. T. D. Penniman, Poin. P. M. Dawson, Cover F. C. Newton, 1st Dej	nt. S. S. Point. B. N.	F. P. Cameron, Center. Janney, 1st Attack. I. Roszel, 2d Attack. S. Symington, 3d Attack.	
		Straus, Out Home.	
F. K. Cameron, 3d Defense. B.		3. Phinizy, In Home.	
	SUBSTITUTES.		
W. H. Crampto	on,	B. B. Cone.	
C	HAMPIONSHIP GAN	IES.	
	PRACTICE GAMES	5.	
Hopkins vs. Druids Hopkins vs. Athletic Ch	ub Schuylkill Navy.		
Johns Ibo	ppkins Tennis	Tournament.	
	Committee.		
	•	Edward Fisher.	
Frank U. Newton First	Prince Rober	TA Dolly Second Price	

LACROSSE.

HE Lacrosse season of 1893 was a success, both from a financial point of view and in regard to the work of the team. From four of the six games played we came off victorious and won second place in the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association.

In our first game we extended to our visitors, the College of the City of New York, a warm reception for which Baltimore Lacrosse teams are justly famous, by defeating them by a score of 9 to 1. In the second game we received a very unpleasant surprise. Awed by the former renown of the famous Druids, our team seemed to go into a state of lethargy from which it did not emerge until the game had ended. The defeat on the whole, however, was beneficial, as it pointed out the weak points, and aroused in the members of the team the determination to remedy its defects. After defeating the Athletic Club of the Schuvlkill Navy, the first championship game of the season was played with Stevens. It was an extremely interesting and well-played game, in which Hopkins showed themselves the better in all round work, and won by a score of 6 to 3. Lehigh was our next opponent. Their team-work was brilliant, and showed from the outset that they were in to win. At the end of the first half the score was a tie, but in the second half their magnificent training made itself felt and we were easily defeated by a score of 6 to 3.

Our team closed its season very pleasantly by defeating the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy at Philadelphia. The work of the team throughout the season was good, showing a marked improvement over the work of the previous year. The training was more vigorously adhered to, and the team work much improved. Too much stress, however, was placed upon "body work," which in many instances interfered materially with the proper use of the stick.

It was pleasing to note the good work done by the new men on the team. They worked quickly and harmoniously and could be relied upon to do more effective work than many of the older players. There is no doubt they will render excellent service in the season of 1894.



THE JOHNS HOPKINS FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

HEN the reader looks at the record made by our football eleven, it probably appears to him absurd to say that the past football season was an improvement upon former years. But a closer examination will show that, notwithstanding the number of games lost, football at the Hopkins has been advanced in many ways. While the eleven did not win a large proportion of games, this was mainly owing to the loss of several players whose places could not be adequately filled. A fairer estimate of the Hopkins eleven is obtained from a consideration of the games played during the first half of the season, such as the tie with the Swarthmore; the victory over Haverford; and the hard, plucky fight in Virginia against the Champions of the South. On all of these occasions the eleven played a remarkably strong game, far surpassing the work of previous Hopkins teams, but the game with Virginia disabled several players and left the team so weakened that it did not recover during the rest of the season.

The work of the team last year was for the most part good. The players trained and practiced more regularly than in former years, and the result was that the general team work was better than ever before; the interference was more solid and the games were played with more "snap."

The greater attention given to football last year brought out the fact more plainly than ever before that constant field practice is absolutely necessary for the success of any team. The difference made by field practice was strikingly shown by our two games with St. John's. In the first of these games our team tied St. John's and played somewhat better, while in the second game we were decidedly outplayed. Between these two games the St. John's team was on the field every day, while our men, with great trouble, practiced twice against the scrub. Although the eleven met every afternoon, nearly all the practicing consisted in merely going through the signals, and this was done on the brick tennis court without any opposing team. This kind of practicing developed only the attack, leaving the defense entirely without practice, and consequently, though the team could do well while it had the ball, it was not at all united in breaking up the plays of opposing

teams. On all occasions when the Varsity could get field practice, it would always find a strong scrub ready to oppose it. It has never before been possible to organize a respectable scrub at the Hopkins, but last year a regular team was organized, which played a good, hard game and gave the Varsity eleven as much practice as it could manage. The work of the scrub gives promise of a good Varsity team next Fall, for it is to this scrub that the Varsity will have to look for players to take the places of the seven men who leave with '94.

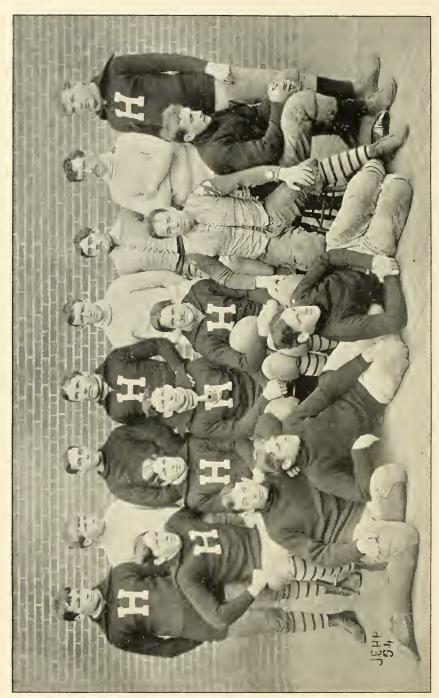
THE SCRUB.

The scrub is a younger child—the curse of primogeniture has rested upon it since its birth. I do not know when it first saw light. Probably some day when its older brother, the Varsity, was feeling particularly lusty did the scrub come in for its first kicks. It certainly has not had its last yet,—and never will.

Patient old scrub! Its motto is "Kick me hard to-day that you may kick the Clover College the harder next Saturday."

Enduring old scrub! It must never get tired, for after two weary hours of buck and bruise and pack and pant, the captain of the Varsity says, "Now boys, line up, we want to try this trick once." And they maul and bruise you, and fearlessly foul you and keep making touchdowns off you that are too easily earned to be worth the kicking at goal from. As for consolation, it's little to be had unless when they yell "That line must hold better!" you can break through it and show them somehow it musn't. That is all the consolation the scrub can get. Little enough, but enough to make the poor scrub smile—smile with its face in the deep ground and its older brother, the Varsity, sitting on its neck. That's where its fun comes in. Merry old scrub!





STEVENS.
MCCORNICK. HARRISON.

GAYLORD. PURNELL. STRAUS. TAYLOR.

JANNEY.

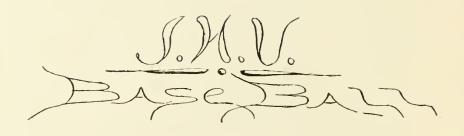
BAER. BROWN. COTTMAN.

DAY. MILES. STRONG.

MARSHALL SYMINGTON.

The Johns Hopkins Football Eleven.

Lawrason Brown, Captain		•	Purnell, Manager.
L. W. Cottman, Left R. P. Strong, Left Ta H. T. Marshall, Left J. S A. E. R. Stevens, Lep	ckle. Guard. S. Taylor, Q	T. B. Harris W. S. Baer, C. McCornic Duarter Back, S. Janney, K.	k, Right Guard.
	SUBSTIT	UTES.	
S. Symington, H. Gaylord.	W. Tho L. W. I T. Strai	Jiles,	S. Cornell, J. H. Purnell,
"	rford College ersity of Vir Eleven shn's Collego	ginia	
Name.	Age.	Weight.	Height.
T. B. Harrison,	20 years.	172 lbs.	6 ft. 0 in.
W. S. Baer,	20	170 "	5 " 11 "
C. K. McCornick,	20	1/0	6 " 1 "
J. Young, H. T. Marshall.	18 "	166	6 '' 1 ''
R. P. Strong,	2 I "	186	
L. W. Cottman,	2 I ''	162 ''	5 " 8 "
J. S. Taylor,	18 ''	148 "	5 '' 9 ''
L. Brown,	2 2 ''	160 ''	5 '' 10 ''
S. Janney,	10 "	172 "	5 11
A. E. R. Stevens,	17 "	148 "	5 10
S. Symington,	2 2	150 ''	5 '' 11 ''
L. W. Miles,	20 ''	155 ''	5 '' 8 ''
H. Purnell,	20 ""	149 ''	5 " 8 "
T. Straus,	19 "	149 ''	5 " 6 "





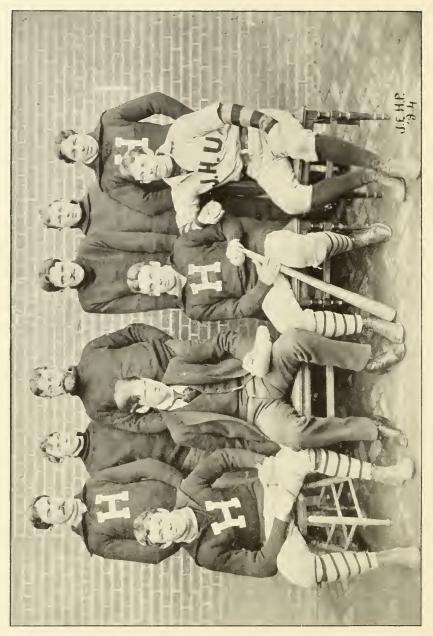
"Ran Johnnie Ran Hop Ran Johnnie Hopkins Kurnh Black Blue Hopkins"

THE JOHNS HOPKINS BASEBALL TEAM.

UR baseball team started the season in a quiet, unassuming manner, not boasting, as do most teams, of the wonder it was going to perform, but working with a steady determination, which soon put the nine in excellent condition. Deceived by the apparent despondency of the players, our first opponents trotted out on the field with self-satisfied smiles and light-hearted laughter, and some of them even cast glances of pity at the poor wretches, who were going to be so disappointed at losing their first game. But, strange to say, the Columbia boys did not bring our team much sorrow, and they returned to New York, wondering what gave them the idea that the Hopkins team was weak. This victory was followed by the greatest game of the season the tie with Yale. After the first game our players strained every nerve for the coming contest, and their efforts were well repaid, for we drew up against Yale the strongest amateur nine ever formed in the city. And well did it play, making the struggle intensely exciting from the first inning until darkness closed the game.

During the next month we played only one game, winning an easy victory over St. John's. We then played the Yale Law School and were defeated, although we played even better than in the first game with Yale. This was followed by the game at Annapolis. Ah! It seems like a dream now, that bewitching excursion down the bay, the bracing freshness of the breeze, the broken looks of some players as they came from the cabin, the reckless game, and the dance afterwards. And coming home that night, how gently was each player comforted for the defeat, as he sat in some secluded corner, with the moon shining softly above him, and heard the waters rippling around him and gazed into the tender eyes at his side!

Then came our worst defeat of the season. After the even way in which we played the University of Pennsylvania in 1892, it is rather remarkable that we could do so little against it last year. The bitterness of this defeat was somewhat lessened, however, when we brought the season to a happy close by the victory over Washington College. Here our players, knowing that it was their last chance to distinguish themselves, played a superb game, taking every chance and making magnificent plays.



ISAACS. GRISWOLD.

PARKER,

SIEGMUND. THOMAS.

DOBBIN.

BROWN. GRIFFISS.

PURNELL. DAVIS.

The Johns Ibopkins Baseball Team.

Wilmot Griffiss, Captain.	J. H. Thomas, Jr., Manager.
W. E. McCulloh, Catcher. O. Stocksdale, J. E. Davis, R. Isaacs, First Base. W. Griffiss, Second Base.	 L. Brown, Third Base. J. S. Taylor, Short Stop. C. Siegmund, Right Field. D. C. Turnbull, Centre Field. W. W. Wood, Left Field.

SUBSTITUTES.

Dob	bin,		Griswold,	Park	er,
		Pu	rnell, Ingram.		
Johns	Hopkins	vs.	Columbia		14- 4
Johns	Hopkins	vs.	Yale		7- 7
Johns	Hopkins	US.	St. Johns		7- 2
Johns	Hopkins	vs.	Yale Law School		5-8
Johns	Hopkins	vs.	Naval Cadets		8-13
Johns	Hopkins	vs.	University of Pennsylvania		3-16
Johns	Hopkins	vs.	Washington College		8- 0



THE BANJO CLUB.

The unfortunate, attempting to write a few lines for his Banjo Club, is not at a loss for material, yet how difficult it is to know what material not to make use of. Much could be written which would interest the general public, but there would be little which would benefit the public.

As for the Club, hard work, drudgery, is the program from day to day, until public clamor can no longer be stilled. Then these student musicians amuse the public; first in a quiet, unassuming manner in their own college town; then away from their college halls—no longer unassuming.

The pleasantest days for the Club are those passed in travelling. A sociable crowd of twenty young men cannot help but enjoy twenty-four hours among the most hospitable people of Annapolis or a trip "down the Bay." Never will one of these twenty forget the week down the Bay, the girls down the Bay, the large audience at Norfolk, and the wit of "C. D."

The season of '94 has been a most successful one. Three concerts in a single week proved a favorable beginning. The Baltimore concert was appreciated by a patriotic audience.

Our brief visit to the "Navy" was more than a pleasure. The musicians were on their good behavior, for even "Hungry" could walk to his hotel after "Huck Finn" proposed a toast to the quartermasters, colonels and majors of the Navy.

The Bay Line succeeded in landing us at Old Point about Easter. A grand loaf was in store. Eat and walk, eat and dance, then to bed before four A. M. The Washington Post Banjoist, accompanied by two volunteers, gave a private concert between one and three A. M. for the edification of the night-watchman.

During the two weeks succeeding Easter each man found time for recuperation. What a surprise on *Cambridge Sunday!* Two of us could not help ourselves, for the minister had us under his wing. But when every man, even the leader, was at church ——. C. H. at the organ and the soloist easily account for such a state of affairs.

With '94 these good times and results will be a thing of the past. May the time soon come when such a successful Banjo Club as "94" shall be assured each year.



PURNELL. RITCHIE.

F. TAYLOR. PIPER.

AMES. MARSHALL.

STILES.
WICKES.
SMOOT,

REQUARDT.

BLACK GORDON.

HASTINGS.

GRISWOLD.

Banjo Club.

Manager J. Hurst Purnell. Leader.....Père L. Wickes, Jr. Banjeaurines. Père L. Wickes, Jr., '94. William W. Requardt, '94. Harry T. Marshall, 94. Hanson B. Black, '95. Violin. Charles D. Smoot, '95. Banjos. James Piper, '94. Benjamin H. Griswold, '94. Albert C. Ritchie, Jr., '96. Guitars. Thomas W. Hastings, '94. J. Holdsworth Gordon, Jr., '96. Frank Taylor, '94. George K. Stiles, '95. J. Hooper Edmondson, '93. Mandolin Club. Manager...... J. Hurst Purnell. Leader Père L. Wickes, Jr., '94. First Mandolins. Harry T. Marshall, '94. Père L. Wickes, Jr., '94. William W. Requardt, '94. Hanson B. Black, '95. J. Saunders Taylor, '94. Second Mandolins. George K. Stiles, '95. Benjamin H. Griswold, Jr., '94. Mandola. Violin. J. Griffith Ames, '94. Charles D. Smoot, '95. Guitars. Thomas W. Hastings, '94. Frank Taylor, '94. James Piper, '94. I. Hooper Edmondson, '93. J. Holdsworth Gordon, Jr., '96.



THE MATRICULATE SOCIETY.

OFFICERS.

L. W. Cottmann,
B. H. Griswold, Jr
J. H. Thomas, Jr Secretary.
H. T. Marshall
P. L. Wickes, Jr
C. C. Clark
A. C. Ritchie, Jr

Chaperones.

Mrs.	Cottman,	Mrs.	Gilman,
Mrs.	Griswold,	Mrs.	Griffin,
Mrs.	Thomas,	Mrs.	Poor.
Mrs.	Marshall,	Mrs.	Tompkins.
Mrs.	Wickes,	Mrs.	Shippen,
Mrs.	Clark,	Mrs.	Johnson,
Mrs.	Ritchie,	Mrs.	Penrose.

There is a time for dancing, says the Preacher. With us it comes every fourth Friday of the Academic year. As the vain and frivolous society world about our college walls has its mystic "Mondays" and "Tuesdays," so our Matriculate Society boasts its "Fridays." For on Friday one escapes the haunting thought of nine o'clock lecture the following morning.

Very wonderful is it how the grim old Gym smiles forth on these occasions of frivolity. The shining floor reflects back the merry glances virginibus puerisque. The Colonel's habitation becomes the most delightful of tête-à-tete rooms, while the astonished old lockers become the temporary repository of cloaks and dancing slippers. Ah, me! It is enough to make them sacred forever. What a scene does the dismal gaslight of our dressing-rooms illuminate on these Friday evenings. Never has it shone on such fair faces as in the graduating year of '94, to whom, it is needless to say, is owed so much credit for our delightful dances. With grave forebodings we commend our charge to the hands of '95.







FRANK.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.





Seven, the minds all collective,

That here bid the wayfarer stand
And examine their goods introspective.

And sample their stock upon hand.

For the "Prof." here are pages statistic;
For the "Grad.," just a line and his name;
For the Senior, remarks egotistic;
For the Freshman, his feed and his fame.





For the maid with assertion effusive
"That our true college feeling is small—"
Here are proofs most direct and conclusive
That she really can't know us at all.

For you others, whatever your station, Who chance these poor pages to view, May we win your esteemed approbation In regard to our Hullabaloo.





May its fraction of wit prove a leaven
To leaven the sum-total lot
Of our sins, which tho' seventy times seven
You'll forgive—for our youth, will you not?



LOIN DU BAL.

In the belief that a few illustrations of what is expected of the Registrar of the Johns Hopkins University may interest the reader of the "Hullabaloo," the editors have asked him to write an account of some of his duties and experiences. The following pages are the result of an attempt to comply with their request.

HE REGISTRAR, to be really useful to the students, should be informed on all the academic engagements of the day, and be prepared to answer questions ad libitum. For example: "When and where does Professor——lecture?" "In what class may Mr. S. be found now, when does he take luncheon, and where does he live?" "Is there any news for the press to-day?" is a frequent inquiry. Formerly he was expected to have at immediate command the names of desirable lodging places, and to be ready to furnish on sight a list of the best, with cost and other items of interest to the student. But two years ago it came into the head of a considerate officer of the University Christian Association to collect and supply information of this sort, as well as to lighten in many other ways the Registrar's burden at the beginning of each session.

A word respecting the Registrar's experiences with boarding-house mistresses may not be amiss. A personal interview with Mrs. A. elicits the fact that she has the most beautiful house, newly furnished, with modern conveniences and "all the comforts of home." She is so anxious to have a few students to lodge; it is not a boarding-house, but simply a "private family" with more room than they need; she prefers biologists (for the reason, it appears, that the year before her lodgers were biologists and they were such nice, quiet gentlemen), but she does not seriously object to chemists. Mrs. B. would like a quiet professor, but could not think of taking students, they are so noisy and keep such late hours. Mrs. C. inquires why her house is not filled with the students who were promised her, quite unconscious of the fact that the number of boarding-houses bears a very large ratio to the number of students seeking quarters.

Until a recent date, not the least arduous (and to the students perhaps not the least important) of the Registrar's duties was the periodical

announcement to the students of their examination marks, in person and at all hours of the official day. These marks seem to many students a very absorbing feature of their college work, and much amusement has been occasioned when A. or B. learned that Dr. —- had given him a 2, when he was sure that he deserved at least 11/2. "There must surely be some mistake," has often been heard, "I did so much better this time than last when he gave me 11/2." Reports have frequently been delayed for some reason—generally satisfactory to the examiner at least,—and time and again a student has been met with the remark "not in yet." An instance of persistent inquiry, worthy of a better cause, may be mentioned. Mr. E. has had an examination in Trigonometry; he feels quite dubious of the result, hence it is very essential that he should know the same at once. His calls average about three or four a day for perhaps a week. He at last learns the result on the third or fourth call of a certain day, notes the tired, worried look of the Registrar, and leaves the room with mischief in his eye. The next minute his place is taken by Mr. C. who comes to learn how he came out in the same examination. He says that Mr. E. would like to know his mark too. The latter doubtless enjoyed the joke he played upon the unsuspecting officer. A recently adopted rule, seemingly harsh to the students, but grateful to the Registrar, relieves him from this duty.

Among the conveniences of the Registrar's office is a telephone. A placard announces that the instrument is intended for the use of the office, but its existence and the means of access to it have been discovered by others than officers, and many a student applies for its use in the softest and most melting accents and generally gains his point, "the business being so very urgent." It sometimes happens that the Registrar must help out an inexperienced talker, while his legitimate work is neglected for the nonce. The telephone is also frequently called into requisition by persons outside the University, who yearn for information on various subjects and seem to consider the Johns Hopkins University the place to get it. Such questions as the following have come from time to time: "What is the distance between the northernmost point of Scotland and the southernmost point of England?" "What is the proper pronunciation of 'Semiramide,' (the title of the opera)?" "Which is correct, to-morrow is Saturday, or to-morrow will be Saturday?" Many others, equaly trivially, have been received. Some of these questions are the subjects of wagers, and an opinion from the University even if it be delivered by telephone and from any source—carries great weight. The spelling of words also is a frequent subject of investigation by this means.

The mails bring many requests for catalogues and inquiries respect-

ing the regulations of the University. Numerous literary curiosities appear, involving bad orthography and worse chirography, loads of questions ill-expressed and difficult to answer by letter. The interpretation of the published statements as to the requirements for admission, very plain to the initiated, is no unimportant task. Much explanation—oral and written—is necessary, and attempts to reply to verbal inquiries often sorely tax one's patience.

A study of the various methods of addressing communications to the University affords much amusement. The orthography of "Johns Hopkins," even after eighteen years, is almost too much for the average American or foreigner to grasp. The following are actual transcripts from letters received: Jacob Hopkins University; Julius Hopkins University; Mark Hopkins University; St. John Hopkins University; Hotchkiss University; Universität de Hopking; John S. Hopkins University of Medicine; Johns Hopkins University; J. Hopkins, Esq., University; H. Johns, Esq., University; Hon. Johns Hopkins; Mr. John Hopkins, Publisher of the American Journal of Philologie, University, New York; S. John, Esq., Hopkins Library; Monsieur Baltimore, Johns Hopkins University; Chesapeake Esquire, Zoologic Laborat., Johns Hopkins University; Professor Johns Hopkins, Hopkins University. This list could be much extended.

Among the Registrar's duties is that of following the careers of former students, especially the fellows and graduates, and, with the aid of his associates and the press, he is able to keep the record practically complete. Memoranda are preserved respecting the academic and subsequent careers of the students, the principal facts being entered in a large record book.

The position of Registrar of an institution of learning presents manifold opportunities for the observation of human nature; it opens the way to the forming of valued friendships; it necessitates the acquisition of habits of accuracy; it requires an abundant stock of patience and considerable tact. While, in the nature of things, the writer of the foregoing pages must have had some trials, he believes that his lines have been cast in pleasant places and that his lot has been in many respects a happy one.

January 25, 1894.

T. R. Ball, Registrar.



A FRAGMENT.

The Board of Editors take great pleasure in bringing to the attention of the literary world this recently discovered production of the immortal poet. They feel, however, the necessity of apologyzing for the corrupt state of the text, in consequence of which many of the verses are still rather rough in spite of their strenuous efforts to improve them.

Whan that Februar with his softe snowe, Hath chilled every wight to the marrowe, And covered al the streetes with a shete Of snowe, as whit as ye may ever mete-Whan Boreas eek with his colde breeth Hath doon to every wight so that he fleeth From out the streete into the hous at ones, And resteth ther and stoppeth for the nones; And smale knaues make a snoweballe, Which prively they hurlen at us alle, And breken many a window glas also, Till that the "cop" doth maken hem to go, (So pricketh hem nature in hir corages)— Than longen "profs" to gon on pilgrimages. And specially from euery lerned ende Of Hopekins to Peabody thei wende, The holy blisful tyme for to kepe, In which that Hopkins into lyf gan lepe.

Bifel that in that sesoun on this day,
To Lev'ring Hall, ther cam by every wey,
Wel nyne and twenty of a compaignye
That weren of the Universitye
The professores. Sobre thei were and digne,
And, whan thei wolden, ofte ful benigne.
To Peabody upon this day they goon
And what thei wolden doon, telle I anoon.
But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
I wol yow tellen alle who echoon was,
Of what degree and eek what was his class;
And eek in what array that he was inne,
And at the chief than wol I first biginne.

A CHIEF ther was, an that a noble man That fro the tyme that he first bigan To smyle, and smyle and smyle alwey. Was never at a los for what to sey. "Liberal educacioun" is ay The substaunce and the matere of his lay. Therefor his theme will be ever so, Radix malorum ignoratio.

A goune he wered and a cappe plate, On which ther was a tassel that algate Gan shake whan that he his heed did move; But natheles he was a man to love.

With him ther came a litel man, the ——, Than him ther never was a milder seen: That of his port as meek was as a mayde, And ever "here's another." "next," he sayde. But it were any student wikke, alas! Whatso he were, of heigh or lowe class. Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones, And senden him a litel "note" at ones.

A Greek was ther that had a gryse berd.
Of him, I trowe, ye han ful ofte y-herd;
A clerk he was, a lerned man also
That tolde wikke tales everemo.
Yet, sooth, he was a worthy man withalle;
Ye knowen wel, I trowe, how men him calle.

With him ther went a Techer of Latyn, That mighte han had a verray faire skyn, Had he nat covered it with swich a berd, That could, in sooth, first maken oon aferd But al be that he was so fiers to seen, A milder man than him ne coude nat ben.

Than cam another, the grete Chronicleer, A manly man, a lusty bacheler.

Of Jared Sparks he writ ful moche and ofte, And he was blamed, sooth to seyn, not softe. And Washington, seyde he, ne coude nat spelle, But why that he it seyde, he coude nat telle. And yet, in trouthe, he was a gentil man.

A Techer of the Lawe next ther ran; Nowher so lern'd a man as he ther nas And yet he sem'd more lerned than he was. Wel coude he speke in wordes longe and wyse, And wel he knew ech law and ech assise. And many things he seyde of hy sentence That borwed weren in ful gret silence.

Than camen ther two Alchemistres grete

And a Geologist with hem so swete.
They spaken alwey ful solempnely
Of "Acids," "Sulphides," "Chlorides," soberly.
They wolden finde a philosophers stoon,
And that, in sooth, they sechen faste echoon.
But nat as men han doon in dayes olde
To maken othere metals into golde.
For they it seche, I trowe, in othere wyse
And how that is, that wol I yow devyse,
They writen bokes and they students teche,
And thus they maken mochel gold for eche.

And than ther was a wys Astrologer
That in the Navy is an officer.
In sooth, so mochel officer he is.
He scarsly is a professor, y-wis.
Political Economy, eek he
Hath writen of mathematicalle.
A goodly man he is and brood also,
But sad to telle, on strikkes two moot go.

And than ther cam a gret Morphologist, And after him a Physiologist, And than sevene Doctours of Physik; In al this world ne was ther noon hem lyk. To seën hem itself y-nogh it was, To doon a wrecche wight to sterve, alas!

A TEUTON fiers ther was, a clerk ful good; He has nat (thogh he ofte it semed), wood. Of "Faust" and "Anti-Faust," he spak and writ, But what he mente his nat knowen yit.

A Techer was ther of Romance langage That also went on thilke pilgrimage. Ful big he was, and fat, and therto brood. And ofte up on a bicycle he rood.

A mighty Physicist with hem ther was; To him they wolden yeven, ah. alas, But litel gold, thogh he to hem han tolde How that they with Niagara doon sholde. A sclendre man he was with eyen smale. And bisy ever semed he, withalle.

Of English ther two Professores were, More lerned men coude oon nat seen ne here. The oon of historie knew moche, I trowe; In Saxon alway th'other spak I knowe. And bothe weren dulle y-nogh, alas!

A CLERK from Harvard neigh hem than ther was, With berd ful blak and eek with blakest heer, In all the land of lerninge nas his peer.

Of bokes took he most care and most hede, Of hem he knew ny al that ther was nede.

A bettre man than he was never knowe;

To this wil everichon accorde, I trowe.

Than camen Orientalistes two,
Two Mathematickers, ther were name.
The firste was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful big he was of fat and eek of bones,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Assyriologist he was, I gesse.

The Indian, he was a litel man, His berd was shave as ny as ever he can. His eyen weren smale and alwey cloos; And he, thogh he stood hye upon his toos, Was small; and lyk a litel child he nas, So tendre, and yong, and innocent he was.

The Mathematickers were sobre men, With berdes blake as ye han ever seen. And oon of hem that never yit gan smyle, But selde spake and than agayn his wille. That other bet is knowe in al his lyf, As housband of his grete and wyse wyf.

Now have I told yow shortly, in a clause, Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause Why that assembled was this compaignye At Leving Hall, this day of Februarie.

But now is tyme to yow for to seye How that they baren hem on thilke daye; And what they seyde and dide on her viage Whan that they wenden on her pilgrimage. If I thise professores sholde blame, Passe over for I seyde it in my game. Rede othere class-bokes, there thou mighte lere How that they tellen of the professores there.

And whan was clomben upon hevene the sonne Sixty degrees and oon he hadde y-ronne, Than forth they goon to Peabody to wende,

And what they dide that wol I telle to thende. Bifel that on this gave occasioun, As it was propre for a cold sesoun. The ground was slider, and men seen mighte Ful many a wight that fil and loude shryghte. Unnethes ben they goon a twenty paces, Whan down ther fil right in his owne traces Our noble chief, and over him his make. I trowe at Trove they never gonne make Swich gret confusioun and swich gret crye. Whan that the olde Priamus gan dye, As maaden al thise professores; certein, Hem thoughte that her noble chief was slavne. "As take som remedie," the doctours crye. But sodeynly he herd this melodye (?). And he arist than, soothly for to sayn. Now wol I torne unto my tale agayn.

Than forth agavn they goon upon her wey And hadde comen ny to Peaboday, Whan sodeinly the chief spak in this wyse: "Lordinges," quod he, "I moot to yow devyse That we, on this so faire occasioun, Whan that assembled is neih al the toun, Unto the peple sholde som thing seve, In honour of our dignite so heighe. Wel wot I that ther no oon is, y-wis, That hath y-writen anything for this; So that I trowe that best it wolde be That we gan drawen cut, so moot I thee, To seen who shal make the firste speeche, To speken to the peple hem to teche: And who shal han the seconde speech to make? The thirdde wol I myselve undertake.

Whan thus had spoken this so noble man, Anon to drawen every wight bigan; And shortly for to tellen, as it was, Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas. The sothe is this the cut fil to a man, (Of him ye han y-herd), the Indian, And to a gret Geodetist bisyde; And alle that they seyde and that they dide, Ye can it alle finde. I wol nat lye. In Circular of the Universitye.

EGOTISTICA.

My height is six feet and one inch,

But I feel pretty sure

That with new shoes,—and on a pinch,—
'T would be a half inch more.

Though men may say that I am wrong
Not to pay for what I've bought,

I really am so very long,
Only because I'm short.

I'm rather broad, and all can see
I'm not slim as an arrow;
If people disagree with me,
I think them very narrow.

My feet, though large, I can't control,
However much I try them;
But, though they wear upon my soul,
I steadily stand by them.

I ne'er give way to childish ire
And rage and stamp about
For fear that if my eyes flashed fire
Some one might put them out.

My face I might depict as well
As if somebody drew it,
But it cannot be, for—truth to tell—
I've not the face to do it.

For once in foot-ball's surging tide
I caught the ball and fled
This way and that, from side to side,
And there I lost my head.



A PROBLEM.

A problem difficult I have to solve, In which are found three letters, x, y, z. Z is affection, y's a little maid, X represents, alas, only poor me.

The problem first's an easy one to solve. X cares for y, to find how much is z; Nor pen nor paper do I need for this; The answer's easy, 'tis infinity.

But problem two's a harder one, I ween. Suppose y cares for x, the moments go, I still work on, the answer try to force, But z insists on being but zero.

In problem two x is so sad and lone. May I invoke thy pity, fair divinity? Would you, for charity, give z a push A little way from zero towards infinity?

A CHAPTER FROM GULLIVER.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO SWIFT AND OTHERS.]

HE Academy of Lagado is a group of hovels situated in the midst of a crowded city where there is easy access to the various dramshops and other places of diversion which the students are wont to patronize. It was the intention of the founder to establish a great university, and for this purpose he left vast estates. But through mismanagement and other evils these plans were frustrated and the academy became almost exclusively a local institution. During my stay in the city an attempt was made to dispose of the last remnant of the old estate lest some future generation be induced to carry out the original intention.

My first visit was to the postoffice, and being somewhat of a philatelist, I naturally enquired for some stamps of the country, having heard of their marvelous size and great beauty. Much was my disappointment to learn that they never keep stamps here.

Outside the postoffice was a large corridor, at the upper end of which was a great door. My attendant seemed to fight shy of this and on enquiring I learned that no one was allowed to enter this apartment except the president. In olden times there used to be free admission at all hours, but gradually these were limited; then conditions were imposed so that only the bearer of a written order from the president could go in; and finally, after many complaints of bribery had been made, this last restriction was enjoined. My entreaties were useless, but I will say here that this is the only case of inhospitality which I experienced at the academy. And there seems to be some excuse, for I am told the collegiate records are kept here and if these were allowed to be seen without the greatest precaution, there would be many instances of suicide or assassination, or both.

In this connection, I may mention the system of marking in use. It is borrowed from the Chinese and was invented in such a manner as to be intelligible only to those who use it. Each of the professors seemed to have a different theory concerning its application and they were all reluctant to discuss it. I managed to get a few words from the professor of the Blefuscudian language, stating that his best scholar received sanc per tator cat, which means "five, perhaps four." But I leave

it to my readers to decide what he meant by it. The majority of examiners have also the strange custom of destroying the papers entrusted to their care so they may not be brought to account for any unjust marks.

We next went to the library, on the door of which was a large placard forbidding the preparation of lessons in this room. My guide winked knowingly and informed me that this was meant to encourage diligence, for men will do most effectually what they are expressly forbidden to do. This was realized when we entered the room, for every seat was occupied. There were several boys in knickerbockers bending over erudite volumes. The policy of the academy has been to decrease the average age of its annual matriculates and it hopes eventually to receive children direct from the nurses' arms. In the corner of the library was an immense revolving stand. This I was told is used for reserved books, but I must have misunderstood for I saw it several times during the week at various hours, and each time it was empty.

In an adjoining room were several aged men copying manuscript from a bulletin which a small boy was constantly renewing. I was asked not to disturb them for they had been working since time immemorial and it was uncertain how much yet remained to be done. The manuscript contained divers strange questions of interminable length and complexity.

Above the library is the historical bureau. Presiding over this is a man of great learning. He is a remarkably clear-headed fellow, fully abreast of the times, and some of his ideas would do credit to scholars of our own nation. But concerning his assistant I cannot say so much. For although it was not my pleasure to meet this learned gentleman, when I enquired of several members of his classes as to his standing, they answered in monosyllables.

Someone mentioned the art studio, and expressing a desire to see it, I was led thither by my conductor. About a dozen pupils were seated around several tables quietly dozing behind large boards which served as screens. Two or three, more lively than the rest, used their boards as shields and carried on warfare, pelting each other with crumbs of bread. The artist in charge every now and then came out of his office which was partitioned off from the class-room, and made the rounds. One bold youth showed me a paper with a large hole in it, worn through, he assured me, by sixteen erasures of the artist's own hand. Each erasure, he said, had destroyed a previous correction made by the artist and left unaltered by his own crayon. He prized this copy as the most elaborate execution of his beloved master and took it home to have it framed.

It was my good luck to have the opportunity of attending a lecture on mental science by the professor of philosophy. I was much embarrassed to find myself a few minutes late, being detained by an accident. But though the lecture had already begun there was yet no one present besides myself. A few minutes before the hour was over the class came straggling in one by one, and the doctor seemed much gratified that they came at all. He produced from the closet a living being, who, from birth, had been encased in a plaster of Paris mould; his experiments with this creature were most edifying. In this class was a certain member whose genius was so great I cannot refrain from mentioning him. He was much given to argument and succeeded admirably in proving that a man, having one glass eye and blind in the other, would perceive space in only two dimensions.

I next made my way to the department of modern languages, passing through a garden of luxuriant plants. This flower-culture was introduced by one Seward Jenny who found it necessary to his scientific researches. On entering the building I was almost overcome by the close atmosphere. Some years ago a student, crazed by derivation of the umlaut, killed himself by jumping from one of the windows, and never since that time has a window been raised in this building.

I was rejoiced to learn that the Lumbago language was taught here, for I had picked it up to some extent in my travels. But I was soon undeceived, for the class could not understand two words of it when spoken, although they read volumes of it to prove their skill. One of the students confidentially admitted having crammed it from a certain secret book.

In the Blefuscudian department this evil is being much remedied by the queer little professor whom I have already had occasion to mention. This professor has a great many peculiarities so that I might fill a book describing them. He keeps a diary containing a minute record of each student. He has great astrological powers, being known to have prophesied the failure of many pupils before they had entered his class; but some of his students acquire this power also. He was greatly delighted to hear that I knew who Shakespeare was and we spent some little while discussing the unities.

My next visit was to the gymnasium. A great mob was assembled in the corridor, the occasion of which was the posting of a new notice on the bulletin. I was extremely fortunate to be present at this time, for such events are of rare occurrence. After waiting a long time I got near enough to the bulletin to decipher the notice. It stated that "Smilax" had lost a pair of stockings, "finder please return." A young man volunteered to show me through the interior of the building, and I

accepted his services with eagerness. In the dressing-room a circle was gathered about the stove. Many had shears in their hands and were mutilating their books, throwing the pages into the fire. I asked my guide in a whisper, what they were doing. "Cutting," he answered laconically.

During our visit my young companion discoursed in a fascinating manner. He was quite a philosopher and kept his eyes wide open. In the course of his experience he had discovered three kinds of classes. In the first, the class kills time. Graduates of these classes were admitted to the "Cutting Conference." The second kind of class is that in which the professor kills time; and in this category belongs the majority of departments. In the third, the professor kills the class and for this purpose it is customary to meet once a week in the biological laboratory. I suggested that he might add a fourth variety in which the class kills the professor, citing the instance of a certain historical prodigy whom I found one morning expounding the Constitution to his instructor. But he explained that there are cranks in all classes, for which the body politic is not responsible. He also related with much bitterness the indignities put upon athletics which is dearly beloved by the best of the students. Several members of the faculty once attended an exhibition, but left in great wrath before it was over, simply because the academy team was ahead in the game. Athletics were so poorly patronized that, during the preceding Spring, every fellow who did attend a game had to buy an extra ticket for another fellow who didn't, in order to meet expenses.

I was at much trouble to console the poor fellow and when he subsided I enquired as to what becomes of men when they leave the academy. He said he knew one man who had obtained a *very high position*, but unhappily when at the height of his glory a shower clouded his fortunes and he was obliged to retire. Another young man left the academy in company with some friends of the freshman class. But he came back to attend a banquet and left them alone to the scoffs and jeers of the world.

From the gymnasium I crossed to the chemical laboratory, having great curiosity to see the wonderful apparatus which I expected to find. But again I was disappointed for there were nothing but desks, and each student, being provided with a red-backed note-book and a pen, performed his experiments with these. Some of the busier men took their books home for this purpose.

My visits to the academy lasted through an entire week. Many lectures which I planned to take in, I missed through an unfortunate circumstance. All the clocks about the place are Chinese clocks,

and in consequence no two keep the same time. Often when passing from one building to another I would arrive before I started. But more often it was the other way. One day a poor fellow came to me in a wretched condition and implored me to tell him if it was still yesterday or not, but I did not know myself. I afterwards learned that he had been out all night, which relieves the clock of the blame.

While I was still in Lagado a famous orator came to the city and was invited to conduct a course in elocution at the academy. He was indeed a great man for his class acquired such proficiency the first day that no one found it needful to attend a second lecture.

One morning I saw the professor of jurisprudence coming down the street and made bold to join him. He nodded kindly, but did not speak at first. I soon discovered the cause; his mouth was full of dates. This gentleman is a native of a tropical country and from infancy has been accustomed to feed on dates. He deems them indispensable to a strong constitution and endeavored to persuade his classes to adopt this diet; but they found the dates very indigestible.

The president of the academy is quite an affable gentleman. Through his kindness I was allowed the rare privilege of seeing the academy seal, and also of examining the rules of the institution. Among these was one curious rule which may interest my readers. Every member of the academy is obliged to part his hair in the middle, which is necessary to a well-balanced head. After seven public expulsions—including one unfortunate bald-headed man—this measure was universally enforced.

On the day before leaving I was invited by the president to speak to the academy. He is constantly seeking out missionaries whose experience might be interesting to his students, and in this way I was able to address the young men, which I was glad to do. My audience was very considerate for I was able to catch the sound of my voice several times, which was quite extraordinary. I expressed my delight in addressing so scholarly an assembly. Their presence made me strongly conscious of my own utter insignificance, but I hoped they would bear with me a few minutes. I knew it was out of place to preach, I did not intend to preach; but if they would just tolerate a few suggestions, I would not bother them long. I wondered how many of my audience were acquainted with their neighbors on either side—there was an uncomfortable stir throughout the body. I had noticed that the men of different departments, nay, often of the very same class, scarcely knew each other better than if they had been citizens of countries at war. The smallest English boarding school, I said, was animated by some degree of college spirit. Here, I had seen less sympathy among members of this institution than an ass-driver has for the hide of the animal he beats. I was aware how pressed the scholar is for time; I knew that his elocution exercises consumed all his spare moments; but who would begrudge himself the time to nod good-morning to his friend! or did he have no friend?

All through my little speech the students cast uneasy glances at the clock and I grew quite nervous, thinking it might explode. When I finished they burst out into great applause. But it went to my heart and saddened me; for I have observed that men make the greatest show of believing what they do not believe, and what is at the bottom of their souls they keep religiously to themselves.

The president thanked me for my kindness both in behalf of the students and himself. Next morning I started out for Maldonada with mingled feelings of gladness and regret, for my few days at Lagado were very happy days withal.





YE TRAGEDIE OF EUTAW PLACE.

It was a very gay gallant Right merrily made his way, With a white dress tie and a roving eye, To the hall of the dancers gay.

And it was a fair, fair flowerett,
That by the roadside grew,
"That's just my size," the gallant cries,
And he brake the stem in two.

And deep within a dungeon cell, That gallant makes his moan, While his friends pay mun For his frolicsome fun, And his lady waits alone, Far, far away from the dancers gay, And wonders he doesn't come.

THE GRYPHON AND THE CRANE.

AFTER ÆSOP (ABOUT 2500 YEARS).

An elderly Gryphon which, with advancing years, had come to repent of the evil ways common to young Gryphons—NEXT—and had turned its mind to serious logical, psychological and ethical pastimes, determined to endeavor to teach some of the world's greatest thinkers how their thinkers think.

So, after much exertion, having curbed its fiery Gryphon-like nature, and having raised a pair of sweet whiskers, which gave it a calm and gentle countenance, it coaxed a noble company of handsome, intellectual creatures called Seniors, to come to hear it breathe forth its carefully cribbed words of wisdom.

All went as smoothly as a Smilax-smile, until one day an asinine bird, called a Crane, stalked into the cave where the educated Griphon and the Seniors were discussing whether the whyness of the which had relation to subconscious mental modifications.

Immediately the Crane began to interrupt with its harsh croak, which it called a voice, the mellifluous utterances of the gentle Gryphon.

"Stop a minute!" it croaked, "isn't that true only between limits?" And so the thing continued, the Crane croaking out absurd questions, and then ruffling its feathers, looked around for applause.

"Damn the Crane!" sweetly remarked the Count. And the Seniors who heard it applauded. The Gryphon didn't hear it.

In spite of the hot temper of fiery Gryphons, our reformed Gryphon for many days kept down its rage.

But the foolish Crane didn't know enough to stop monkeying with a fire-eating Gryphon. Its silly questions and impudent interruptions continued, until one day the asinine Crane having remarked that "he who said the thusness of the why, instead of the whyness of the thus, was the true theory of the whence, must be an ass," the dear old Gryphon, pointing to the bird and remarking, "there's another," ought to have bitten off the head of the absurd Crane and thrown the body out of the window of the physical lab.

MORAL.—A Crane's head on a Crane's shoulders is not nearly so satisfactory as the same head detached from the aforesaid shoulders.

DIGNITY DROPPED;

OR,

The Battle of Vernon Mount.

A GRAND UPROAR

IN

A PROLOGUE, 3 ACTS AND AN APOTHEOSIS, INCLUDING A GRAND BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT,

BY

A MERRY CUSS.

With complete stage directions, as originally performed with tremendous success at the First Grand Open-Air Production, February 22, 1894.

(A FACT FOUNDED UPON FICTION.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLYMPIAN DIVINITIES.

D. C. JUPITER, the Smiler; ruler of High Olympus.

IRATE VULCAN, the Alchemist; manufacturer-in-chief of thunderbolts to Jupiter EDWARD H. Appollo, the Unctuous; Lord High Keeper of the Dignity of High Olympus (with song and dance).

C. MORTON SATURN, a trusty; seen but not heard.

SEMI-DIVINITIES.

SEWARD JENNY HERCULES, a hero celebrated on the football field and in the police-records; leader of the Furies.

LILLIE MARS, a sweet child, which doth dwell near Vernon Mount; the chief of the Sacrifices.

HUNGRY JOE BACCHUS; or, Who Saved the Banquet?

THE FURIES, a band of relentless, blood-thirsty and snow-balling pirates; estimated to be Ninety-Five.

THE SACRIFICES, a disorganized mob of sheepish and unwilling victims; about Ninety-Six.

SNOW-BALLS, cold friends of the Furies.

MUD, much attached to the Sacrifices.

SMILAX AND BOW-WOW; you know them.

Minor Divinities, and other Children, Hard-visaged Warriors, Lords and Ladies of the Court, Janitors, Policemen, Biologists and other Beasts of Burden by Ladies and Gentlemen of the Company.

The Properties have been borrowed from Digby's "Real Property"; the costumes from the costumer, and the other freaks from the Dime-Museum.

PROLOGUE, IN HIGH OLYMPUS.

JUPITER:

As the curtain rises the benign smile of Jupiter is discovered, soon followed by Jupiter himself. Jupiter continues smiling for three minutes, smiles again, suddenly turns a somersault and smiles a third time. Heavenly music is heard, and a choir of unseen angel voices sings:

"Alle Gute Dinge sind Drei,"

(Enter Apollo.)

Apollo (strikes an attitude, folds his hands, swallows, and sings in a corrugated Yale key):

(Air—Veritas Vos Liberabit.)

Oh, Jupiter! I bring you thus The dignity of High Olympus, It's neatly wrapped up in this packet, Please put it safe inside your jacket; While all the rest are giving thanks The Undergrads may play wild pranks, May play wild pranks.

But while you have our dignity Safe, as you get it now from me, So long as safe within your pocket So that by no chance you can drop it, All dignified we gods shall go To Vernon Mount to run the show,

To run the show!

JUPITER (in a smiling voice):

Oh, gentle little Eddie, yea. To you I will confide to-day, As token of my blind and fond trust, The dignity of High Olympus: Pray lose it not and be no prig, Or all the gods will lose their dig.. Will lose their dig.

[Apollo faints at the joyful news, but is revived by the distant croaking of a crane. The orchestra plays a skirt-dance melody, and E. H. Apollo sings a dance while dancing the song.]

(Words and music expurgated by the printer's devil.)

(Curtain.)

ACT I.

Scene I.—Interior of the Gym.—The little room around the corner.

[As the curtain rises the Furies come straggling wearily in and seat themselves on stools around a red-hot stove in the centre of the stage. When all are seated they suddenly burst into tears and sing:]

CHORUS OF FURIES.

(Air—Two Little Girls in Blue.)

A Freshman Class came to J. H. U.
Its members, the greenest for years,
And now, if you ask us the reason why
You see us dissolved in tears,
Just list to the story that we shall tell
(Although it sounds crooked, 'tis true)
We wiped those green Freshies quite off the earth,
And now we have nothing to do.

There really is no more to do, boys,
Really there's no more to do,
The victims are so very gentle and mild
Since we have put them through.
We taught them the joys of Pot-Socials,
We hazed them, we frightened them blue,
That dear little crowd is so thoroughly cowed,
There is really no more we can do!

[They silently weep and the music dies away in a sob. A terrific shriek is heard, followed by Hungry Joe Bacchus, or Who Saved the Banquet?, an apparition clothed in a poetic suit of hair and a red neck-tie. He attempts to sing but is unable; buries his face in his hands and remarks in a Theodore-how-much-do-I-owe-you tone of voice:]

They have stolen our flag!

[A succession of wild howls from the Furies follows, when suddenly a peal of Jersey lightning is heard, followed by a blinding flash of misfit thunder. Seward Jenny Hercules appears in a blaze of Eutaw Place tulips, attired in a football suit. His full-moon face sheds a mild radiance. He speaks his speech in a Five-Dollars-and-Costs tone:]

S. J. Hercules:

Oh, Furies!—Be not sad,
These Freshies must be mad,
For I well know,—I will not brag—
The very place they've hid our flag.

Now all ye faithful here Come, let's fill up with beer, Then let us make a sudden dash, Burst in the house door with a crash, And coming where the dear ones play, We'll bear our flag with ease away.

[Hercules disappears in a cloud of tobacco smoke and the halo of Hungry Joe's necktie. The Furies exchange glances and loose change and make a rush for Theodore's to obey the instructions of their divinity. The hot stove remains behind.]

Scene III.—The humble abode of Lillie Mars.

[A number of dear little Sacrifices in Pinafores, with faces and hands sticky with molasses, grouped about Lillie Mars, who holds a volume of Mother Goose hymns. Led by Lillie Mars, they recite in chorus:]

Sing a song of class ban-ner, Ninety-five is pie, Ninety-six stole it away And hung it up so high.

When Ninety-five found it all out Ninety-six was glad 'Cause Ninety-six had victory, And Ninety-five was mad!

[After reciting, the dear little Sacrifices clap their hands for joy and jump up and down in glee. They then pull a black and blue flag, which has been hanging out of the window, into the room. A milkman's bell is heard outside, and the dear little Sacrifices replace the flag, seize their bottles from a shelf, and file out to the strains of "The Milk of Human Kindness."

A tremendous crash is suddenly seen, followed by the appearance of Furies, with Seward Jenny Hercules at their head. He tries to speak, but is too full for utterance. Points to the window. The Furies seize the flag and retreat with shouts of victory as silently as they entered.]

(Re-enter Lillie Mars and The Sacrifices chanting):

There was a crooked class

That lived a crooked year,
And spent a crooked fortune
A buying crooked beer.

They made a crooked flag
Not fit for man nor mouse,
So we took the flag away from 'em
And hung it from our house.

[Lillie Mars has meanwhile gone to the window, he shrieks and faints. The Sacrifices rush to the window but only find the place where the flag ought to be. They revive their leader by whispering "P. H. E." in his ear, and then joining hands they solemnly sing:]

(Air—Papa Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow.)

Those Furies think they're mighty smart,
We vow, vow; vow, vow;
But we will raise the biggest kind of
Row, row; row, row;
We took their rotten flag
While they were on a jag,
But we haven't got it now, now, now,
Now,—now.

(They weep in chorus. The curtain falls.)

ACT II.

Scene I.—A street leading to Vernon Mount. The stage is occupied by a heterogeneous mob composed of the "suite de tout" as well as some of the rest.

GRAND BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT, REPRESENTING THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

THE SCIENCES.

I.—Physics; represented by Mademoiselle H. D. Doughland, clad in the colors of the spectrum, her moustache adorned with icicles and other sub-tropical fruits; she wears a head-dress of yachts. Attended by Mademoiselle L. Tincan, attired in an ensign's costume, and a pair of eye-glasses, and Mademoiselle Joe James, elaborately gotten up in a b-b-br-bri-bright smile and a p-p-p-p-pa-pa-pa-p-p-per k-k-k-k-kol-k-k-collar.

II.—Chemistry; represented by Mademoiselle Eiragh, slightly bald but still in the ring, attired in a H₂S skirt, adorned with double halides, red tarleton and filter-paper, and surrounded by refined and etherial spirits. Attended by Mademoiselle Reddi Enough, adorned with cigarette photos and scars à l'Allemagne and a coronet of chemical formulæ; and Mademoiselle Harmony Horse, attired in anklets, necklace and diadem of zinc crystals and a few other articles of clothing.

III.—Biology; represented by Mademoiselle Brooklets, her mouth full of oysters, their history and mystery; and clad in pink tights made entirely of Salpa-skins with the fur turned inside, a brand new haircut with heredity fringe, firing off a canon bone and a Meckels cartlidge. Attended by Mademoiselle Handy Andy, diagramatically represented by a man with a handful of colored chalk; Mademoiselle Howler, clad in a laboratory apron adorned with gore, induction coils and other apparatus of value only to the owner; and Mademoiselle Dusty Dry Air, carrying immense tubes full of CaCl₂, and surrounded by a troop of robust pea-green umbrellas to prevent any moisture approaching the immense bundle of lecture-notes in which she is wrapped.

THE LANGUAGES.

I.—Ancient; represented by old Madame Gild A. Sieve, clad in her own beard and flyaways, etched with digammas and powdered with small and well-read Greek particles. Attended by Mademoiselle Talker, who don't (on this occasion she will actually make a remark); and Mademoiselle Winton Marren, elaborately gotten up in yellow and brown Plautus tights, with green Terence trimmings.

II.—Modern; represented by Fräulein Heinrich Holz, carrying an unexpurgated edition of the German classics, and a can of "bier, sauerkraut und zwetschen." She will explain the mysterious red marks sometimes found on German prose compositions. Attended by Fräulein Marianna Gelehrt, die Rothbärtin, clad in pages of a Pennsylvania-German dictionary.

Signora Helyett, pneumatically 'tired for this ballet in spokes and a monkey-wrench, will introduce her song:

"I look so sweet
On the seat
Of a bicycle, built for one."

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Represented by Mile. Bertie Dont Care A. Dams, illuminated by Jared and electric sparks and also by side-lights on history. Her specialty is the "can-can" and other ancient historical dances. Attended by Mile. Emme Moth, clad in mutton-chops and the pink of courtesy. This charming young danseuse, fresh from the English Music Halls, will execute her wonderful "Yisterday Sheddule" dance; Mile. Sherry Sidney, a modest and retiring young creature, will recite "Ten Mills Not Worth a Cent," and Mile. Johanna Twoferacent will

execute a wonderful serpentine dance. Her skirts on this occasion, which are 250 miles long, will be made up of the history which she don't know, and much of this latter will still be left over.

ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

There will positively appear a freak of nature specially imported for this occasion only. It claims to be both French and German, says it speaks English, "puh-hapse." It will appear in its regulation costume of high-water trousers, tabe-lets and bosh, and will execute the "Danse du Ventre." It is ALIVE!!!

[After the ballet has left the stage, a solemn procession, driving the Sacrifices in front of it, passes across the stage. The Snow-balls are now taken in hand by their friend the Furies, and appear on the stage. Jupiter the Smiler and Apollo the Unctuous enter at the same time that the Snow-balls return. A mutual acquaintance follows. Jupiter and Apollo look surprised and pained for thirteen moments, and catching hold of hands they turn sedately around in a circle, chanting in a soprano voice:]

Ring around a rosy
I got one on the nosy,
In the neck, and in the ear,
One, two, THREE!

(The solemn procession continues.)

Scene II.—Vernon Mount in Snow-time. Painted by the Whether (?) Prophet at great expense for the accommodation of the Furies. The stage-setting is composed of a tall monument, a white marble temple, ladies, Philistines, freaks of all nations, including several imported policemen, and the janitors of the J. H. U.

[The Furies and Sacrifices have opened their ranks, through which the solemn procession passes into the white marble temple to inspiring strains of the Banjo and Mandolin Club. They chant:]

Oh, we're all going in to hear them spout,
We're all going in to hear them shout,
We're all going in to stir about,
We'll know much more when we come out,
No hiding place in there.

[Inxit solemn procession.]

[The Furies also attempt to enter, but stop to allow Lillie Mars to gather up his voice and shriek to the Sacrifices:]

Oh, Oh, Oh, Do not go, Turn about And meet the foe. Don't be slow, Tackle low, Them we'll Ouickly overthrow. Oh, Oh, Oh, Don't you know, That we all Can quickly show, That although They may blow. We can fling them In the snow.

Seward Jenny Hercules (springing forward and reassuring the Furies, horrified by the mellifluous voice of Mars):

Gather round,
Storm this mound
Where in numbers
They abound.
If I frowned,
I'll be bound
It alone
Would all confound.
Stand your ground,
We will pound
These babes till
Their hides resound.

[They fight. Slow music, strange oaths and blue lights. The heterogenous, puffing, panting mass finally disentangles itself and straggles through the stately portals of the white marble temple. The Mud not already strongly attached by affections or otherwise to the combatants, remains behind. Likewise the monument and the Whether (?)]

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

Scene I.—The same as it was when Act II ended, only changed to suit the occasion.

(Enter Irate Vulcan, dancing the Polka-Mazurka. Sings in a dehydrated air, supposed by some to be dephlogisticated):

(Air.—The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.)

The Snow that has fallen to-day, tra la,

Has nothing to do with the case.

Our youngsters have acted quite well, tra la,

I'm glad they have taken a brace, tra la,

They've kept such a steady pace,

Their conduct is no disgrace.

And here's what I mean when I say take a brace,

That we've kept our dignity, lost not a trace,

Tra, la, etc.

[A large smile comes around the corner soon followed by D. C. Jupiter; Apollo the Unctuous also slides in.]

(Trio.—JUPITER, VULCAN, APOLLO.)

IRATE VULCAN (with a smile that rivals Jupiter's, bursting into a chemically pure air and accompanying himself on an oxyhydrogen blow-pipe):

(Air.—The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.)

O Jupiter, sweet smiler,

I am glad all's gone so well,

There was scarce a single yell,

Our big show was very swell.

And you have kept our dignity

Like a faithful sentinel.

There was not a single "scrap" nor fight to quell,

Though the Furies always love to fight like-well!

CHORUS.—The Trio:

As we marched along the street this morn

With an ultra-college air,

You could hear the girls declare,

"Oh! Ain't they debonnair."

You could hear them sigh,

"Oh, ain't they sly,"

Then dignified we'd wink one eye,

And say, "Deah girls, why don't you come to Hopkins."

JUPITER (does a "pas de seul," then continues the aria):

Now, Vulcan dear, see here, see here,

I really must confess,

Although you'd never guess,

Yet I'll tell it none the less.

Apollo, dear, the Unctuous,

Did all day our dig. possess.

It's to him we should our gratitude express,

For he's kept our dignity with great success.

Chorus. - The Trio:

As we marched along, etc.

Apollo (swallows, à la L. E. P., then warbles):

Sweet Jupiter and Vulcan

All this day I was so proud,

Scarce to any one I bowed,

I seemed walking on a cloud.

For safe I've kept the dignity

Of the whole Olympian crowd,

I can scarce restrain myself to shout aloud.

Oh, with perfect dignity we're all endowed.

CHORUS-—The Trio:

As we marched along, etc.

(They dance off the stage, singing.)

Scene II.—The same, changed to a scene just like it.

(Enter the Furies with a rush, led by Seward Jenny Hercules. After an unsuccessful attempt at song, they march around a snow-heap, muttering:)

We can read the signs and omens in the air,

In our mind the Sacrifices all lie there,

There is blood within our eye

We shall make those children cry;

Whilst they can, they'd better breathe a silent prayer.

(Enter the Sacrifices, mounted on a barber-pole and led by little Lillie Mars. They chant in a P. H. E. style:)

Ride a class cane, without any mane, To the place where the Furies are waiting in vain. They got back their flag
Without any fight,
But we bet they won't feel quite so happy to-night.

DUET.

(Air—The Tune the Cow Died Of.)

S. J. HERCULES. Ha, Sacrifice, we have you fast. LILLIE MARS. Crazy Fury, your power is past. S. J. HERCULES. What! are you not all quite aghast? LILLIE MARS. Now don't, deah Boy, you're quite out-classed. S. I. HERCULES. The Furies 'gainst your babes shall go. LILLIE MARS. 'Twont do much harm, quite well I know. S. J. HERCULES. Come, Furies all, and charge the foe. LILLIE MARS. With ease, we'll roll 'em in the snow.

[They fight. The horrid din of battle resounds. Cries such as these are heard:— "Confound you, stop pulling my hair! Of my necktie, there's nothing left there. Here, take your foot off my neck. Great Caesar! my hat is a wreck! It's not fair to pull at my shirt. Look out or you're sure to get hurt. Ouch, can't you keep off of my toe? Unhand me,—at least, let me go!"

The struggle becomes terrific. Suddenly the Olympian gods, Jupiter, Vulcan, Saturn with his white goatee and Apollo appear, and rush into the seething mass. In doing so the dignity of all Olympus is dropped by Apollo. It is seized upon by Bow-Wow, who carries it away with howls of delight.

The mass breaks. Apollo is seen in a fearful hand-to-hand struggle with Hercules, who is overcome by Apollo persistently clinging to his sweater. He drags Hercules before mighty Jupiter, who has handed his smile to Smilax. Irate is irate.]

APOLLO (who is much excited, searches for his dignity, but finds only his handkerchief. Ejaculates the following nine horrible oaths in quick succession):

Ribot! Herbert Spencer! Sully on Memory! James' Psychology, Vol. I, pp. 323 to 326! Mill! Taine! Porter! Maudesley, section 3! Schwegler!!

[He then swallows seven times, turns a handspring, and addressing Jupiter, sings :]

(Air-Daisy Bell.)

There is great anger within my heart!
D. C.! D. C.!

Caused in great measure by this one's part!

This youngster who dares to rebel.

Whether he has it or has it not, Really I cannot tell, But our dignity's vanished without a doubt, And him we must expel.

Chorus.—(Apollo, joined in by the Minor Divinities who have gathered):

D. C.! D. C.!

Give { me } your answer do!

He's driven { me } most crazy,

{ I we } now appeal to you.

Our dignity's gone; { I've } lost it

And { I am } quite exhausted,

Now, do be sweet,

Expel { I we } entreat

This youth, without more ado.

[Jupiter appears about to comply, when VULCAN, the friend of the undergrad, steps forward and, in an accurately measured voice. chants:]

Let me expostulate, Let rage evaporate, If we must castigate, Let's be deliberate. That we now arbitrate I do now advocate; We must regenerate By methods moderate, And not annihilate By means degenerate. For if we irritate, Some more may imitate. He did participate But did he instigate? He's not so desperate (1 don't exaggerate, Nor yet equivocate). Don't let's be obstinate. I must reiterate

If force predominate It is unfortunate. By method delicate We needs must separate The person passionate From the more temperate. I'd be disconsolate If this would extricate A wicked reprobate. But be considerate, For this young candidate Is not so profligate. If we but stipulate He must not violate The rules we regulate, I'm sure we'll subjugate All pranks immoderate. We must accommodate (And not contaminate), By means legitimate. All force I deprecate. Now to facilitate This matter intricate (For it will calculate To make you cogitate), And, too, to terminate This thing exasperate, I now communicate That which I estimate Correction moderate.

Boys will be boys, as we well know, So this time, we'll let Hercules go!

JUPITER (taking back his smile from Smilax and putting it on):

Irate, what you say goes, You've got a great head, as any one knows.

Apollo (springing up and cracking his heels together):

Oh!! this thing must never be We have lost our dignity.

(He weeps, and searches for his lost dignity.)

Spectators. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurree! He has lost his dignity.

S. J. HERCULES.

LILLIE MARS.

IRATE VULCAN.

But though we've lost our dignity

I think that we all must agree,

That wondrous dignity and great renown

Still clings to one great body in this town:

For see, in yon high place

Upon the golden shore,

That glorious class assembled,

Our Noble Ninety-Four.

APOTHEOSIS.

[Through a break in the clouds comes a great radiance. The class of Ninetyfour is seen in caps and flowing A. B. gowns provided for the occasion by the Trustees, playing on golden banjos, guitars and mandolins, grouped about a black, blue and red banner. Amid the heavenly music there arises a melodious chorus:]

> Behold the proud banner of Class Ninety-Four, Her radiant colors with shouts we adore, Bright crimson, well blended with black and with blue To victory carried by brave hearts and true.

> > Hurrah! Hurrah!
> >
> > For the brave and the true!
> >
> > The Ninety-four class of the J. H. U.!
> >
> > Hurrah and Hurrah!

[All join the chorus, until the welkin, (whatever that is,) rings again:]

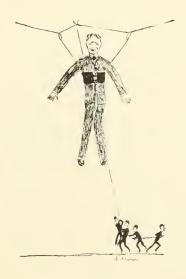
Hurrah! Hurrah!

For the brave and the true!

The Ninety-four class is the J. H. U.!

Hurrah and Hurrah!

(Curtain.)



EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through our lofty gym. there passed
A crowd, who bore high in the air,
A Freshman yelling in dispair,
"Let me down!"

His brow was sad, before him hung
The rope on which he must be strung.
When round his waist the belt was tied,
He still with piteous accents cried,
"Let me down!"

Soon in mid-air he hovered high,
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
The Juniors jeered with all their might,
A voice replied far up the height,
"Let me down!"

Now up, now down, he tosses wild,
The Juniors cheer this unknown child.
Speech! Bow-wow, Speech, they taunting cry,
But still he answers with a sigh,
"Let me down!"

"Oh! stay," the Colonel cried, "and rest
This youth's fair head upon my breast";
But the heedless hazers left him there,
Still gasping faintly in the air,
"Let me down!"

At dawn came reeling on the floor,
Some pious monks of St. Theodore,
Who saw the object in the air,
And startled, cried, "what's that thing there!
Let it down."

Now to the tennis court they go;
And dig a grave both wide and low,
Tombstones they place there wide apart,
A tear wells up from each fond heart,
And they—Let him down."

A QUERY.

Who's you man with handsome mien, With blasé air and figure lean, With genial manner, free and gay, And devilish eye, alert for play? With hands in pockets, hat set back, He stands before the stove, and Bl—ck, Doggie, Hungry Joe and all List, while pearls of wisdom fall. Who cuts a class with easy air And patronizes when he's there? To number nine, quite late he'll mount. An echo answers "'Tis the Count."

QUIZZING.

- To be a quizzer good requires
 But ordinary powers,—
 With open book, a freshman e'en
 Could quiz away for hours.
 But far more difficult it is
 As quizzee to succeed:
 The gifts of gab, and cheek and tact,
 You absolutely need.
- 2. [For if the quizzer call on you When unprepared, you must Off from his question wander wide, And soar and kick star dust; Bring in his pet hypotheses; Just talk, as best you can. On any subject, till the prof. Forgets where you began.]
- To give a sample of our quizzes
 We will now proceed;
 The facts displayed below, we think,
 To this conclusion lead;
 That quizzing is a devilish game,
 Its object to perplex—
 In order to amuse the prof.,
 The undergrad. to vex.
- 4. Theologian, orator,
 Writer of thesis true,
 Philosopher, historian,
 Of Christian and of Jew,
 H. B. sometimes asks himself:
 Oh! how can it be?
 Smith* has kept straight for six months—And that, indeed, beats me!!"

* No, you are not the Smith he referred to.

- 5. The greatest jurist of them all
 Begins to quiz this way:
 - "Will you kindly answer to your names, Gintlemen, please?" he'll say.
 - "What was said of the legis'lachure
 In our talk of yisterday'?"
 - "A short report, which needn't be long— Will you give us, Mr. A.?"
- 6. When J. M. V. is quizzed he puts
 That question to the class;
 If none of them can answer it,
 He needs must let it pass.
 If you respond in general terms,
 He says, for humor's sake:
 "A fine epitomarian,
 A second Plætz, you'd make."
- 7. Daily quizzes, lectures never—
 That is V——t's plan:
 We tilt our chairs and stand the bore
 As bravely as we can.
 The great librarian of the Pratt
 Is a different man throughout:
 A quiz bi-monthly is his rule—
 He'd ten times rather spout.
- Professor Doctor A. R—
 Must have a mighty mind,
 A Dutchman who is teaching French—
 His like is hard to find.
 His hobby is Phonetics;
 In his quizzes every day,
 He makes you grunt and carry on
 In a most shameful way.
- 9. C. Alphonso's left us—
 We ne'er shall see him more,
 He always had a wholesome dread
 Of the class of '94.
 But Clark continues still to vex
 With threats the freshie "clarss":
 Unless they cram for every quiz,
 They "carn't begin to parss."

- Why stands for rights of man:

 Why should not man have power

 His name to change as well as hers?—

 And Williams change to Flower.

 Doctor A-dr--s' quizzes

 You surely should not miss;

 For if you did, you'd never hear:

 "Diagramatically like this."
- 11. In Minor Chem. Doc. R——ll
 Asks questions hard and deep;
 But then he has to answer them,
 For the class is sound asleep.
 In Minor German quizzes,
 If as they used to be,
 Are full of vapid nonsense,
 And likewise repartee.
- 12. The D—n can quiz right nobly,
 As we do all agree;
 But he has cause to tremble,
 For Crane makes him quizzee.
 Doctor D—n—n's quizzes are
 Conducted in this way:
 He walks into the room and says,
 "We'll have no class to-day."
- Is surely your conclusion;

 That cutting them's a loss to you

 Is all a great illusion.

 Oh! quizzing is a devilish game,

 Its object to perplex—

 In order to amuse the prof.,

 The undergrad, to vex.



A TALE OF THE HOP.

The waltz-strains softly sob
Through the ball-room's laughter and light—
The sigh, the surge and the throb,
The scent of the spring and night:
And women, so fair, they rob
The lamps of their lustre bright,
Till the senses reel with the joy they feel,
Can I ever forget to-night?

Her hand has rested in mine,
And a breath so warm, so light,
Has played on my cheek. Like wine
It has thrilled my senses and sight.
And the bliss of a touch divine,
And the throb of a heart's delight—
What though to-morrow may bring its sorrow,
Can she ever forget to-night?

Ah! no; she can never forget,

I will swear, come joy or pain,
Though the weary years bring fierce regret.
That memory will remain.
On her train I put my foot,
And a wreck was her garment bright,
And a ruined frock will ever mock
Her attempt to forget to-night.

THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

It were indeed an ungallant omission were the Hullabaloo's pages to contain no reference to our venerable sister institution, the Woman's College of Baltimore. Who that has enjoyed the bountiful hospitality of those most festive "Receptions," can ever forget the terrible jam, the sweet young faces, the dancing in the dark, and all the other merry sports—all supervised by the all-embracing maternal eye.

Gentle memories! Your sway is too soon broken by the chiming electric bell. Tearful adieus, replacing of shoes,* and forth we go beneath the heavens, breathing the femininity of the universe.

It has been also *our* honor and pleasure, in turn, to have entertained (50 cents per capita) our sisters in the sciences. Within the walls of our classic Gym. they have deigned to smile with favor upon our crude masculine efforts to imitate the inimitable. May they, their bright eyes (and half dollars) never be wanting at our Annual Indoor Athletic Exbibition, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore—Little Garden street. Amen!



*Referring to curious local customs observed by certain travelers.

COLLEGE HALL.

Class-mates gather to the lectures while as yet 'tis early morn, Come and copy down equations with a countenance forlorn.

While the Doctor, ever writing, fills the blackboards one by one, And the weary student wonders when the Doctor will be done.

Soon his mind begins to wander from the writing on the board, From the words of the professor, full of weight and wisdom stored.

And his thoughts now fondly wander through the sacred "College Hall," Where, as freshman, he resisted upper-classmates, "grads" and all.

Foes are driven from the pressage. Now to force the door they try, While with poles the freshmen thump them, leaning from the windows high.

Now into the class-room coming a procession long is seen, Stamping, howling. Lo! what meets them? 'Tis the sternly frowning Dean.

Then he thinks of C. Alphonso in Louisiana now, How he used to love to plague him every way that he knew how.

How to make his lectures lively, some one introduced a rat Just to see if C. Alphonso would be "rattled" much at that.

And the rat from his confinement scampered like a lightning flash, Hid away 'mong the umbrellas 'till they tumbled with a crash.

How a pretty, cooing pigeon came and sat upon the door, While the class in Pigeon English strewed with peanut-shells the floor.

Here, Alphonso's illustration both of meter and of rhyme, While the class sit almost spell-bound with brass crickets keeping time.

Now the spring-time is approaching and the joyous month of May. But the finals too are coming, scaring all the joy away.

In the spring the young man's fancy sadly contemplates "exams;" Knowledge comes but seldom lingers, so to contemplate he crams.

Of these action the equations, of this theory the proof, In the night when all is silent, save the tom-cat on the roof.

* What the Doctor has been saying, can the student never tell, For he dreams and dreams 'till wakened, by the ringing of the bell.

*



MY COLLEGE GIRL.

I'll tell you of the dearest girl
That I have ever known,
So kind and good, so sweet and true,
An angel she would seem to you
From worlds not like our own.

In height she measures five feet six,
She is seventeen years old;
Her wisdom teeth have not yet come,
The rest are present, every one,
And three are filled with gold.

Her chest is thirty-two around,
Her waist is twenty-four,
The shoes she wears are number threes,
Her toes are never cramped in these,
Her feet are never sore.

Cephalic index seventy-nine,
Orbital eighty-eight,
Her hair in length's a meter just,
Its color is a brownish rust,
One thirty is her weight.

The softness of her heart is "one," That is as soft as tale. Her eyes are blue as indigo, Diluted half with $\mathrm{H_2O}$, Subvitreous like cale.

Oh! poetry fills all my soul
To praise the one I love.
But, reader, I will let you go,
Entranced with all your heart aglow
From what I've penned above.



HAAGER=SLAAF.

The Haager-Slaaf came out of his crail
With his comely mane all quilled;
His snorka blask left a fraining trail,
And I heard the trenk he trilled.

As when a-grieving hokes the swote,
Or a freiling freak totes along,
As a helming dotard slakes a note,
So the Haager-Slaaf draked this song:—

"Oh come where the Smilax in purity grows,
Where the sleepy Count tries to look bright;
Where the stern Dago-man swears in French at his foes,
And from Wickes we cannot get a light.

"Oh come where the loftiest of Ames is found,
Although quite as deaf as a Post;
Where a frolicsome Baker bakes poems well-browned,
Near a presence that's Marshal at most.

"Come, list to the egotist crow of the Cox;
See the Tudor enthroned proudly sits;
Where's the pipe of the Piper, with pasted down locks,
Where the croak of the Crane gives one fits?

"Oh this beautiful spot e'en encompasseth Miles, There a Wood makes cool shadows abound, And a Daws-son from Canada now and then riles The Baer that is prowling around.

"And, yes, there's a Cone—like a cylinder—that Calmly sits next to Venus (in truth, Her Venus-like charms somewhat hidden by fat; By the Cone's word, its open to proof).

"Oh come to this beautiful soul-stirring spot
Where a Gryphon disports in great glee,
And in spite of the cold, where he makes it so hot
For the hustlers in dear L. E. P.

"Oh come"—but the Haager-Slaaf lowered its crest,
With a hiffergous turnel he bleid,
His hoffer-gaw sank on his over-wrought breast,
Gave a shriek, tumbled over, and—died!



LABORATORY B.

Come, friends, who lounge about the "Lab," Come listen to my lay,
And if you find it wondrous long,
—You should have stayed away.

In Baltimore a woman lived,So generous and kind,She'd loan to you all of her stock,—Provided you had signed.

When you returned the borrowed things
With pleasing smile serene,
She greeted you and took them back,
—Provided they were clean.

A student in this "Lab" was found,
Though many more there be,
But none so thumped and kicked around,
Or long and lank as he.

The woman and the boy were friends,
But, when the term was ended,
She thought he never would "wash up,"
—And almost was offended.

Around from all the neighboring "Labs"
The wandering students ran,
And one most kindly volunteered
"To help as best I can."

When nitric acid would not work,
Then HCl was tried;
The flasks they shook and shook and shook
With sand and soap inside.

But truly awful was the dirt,
So, much against their will,
They gave it up, or, be you sure,
—They would be shaking still.

THE WRECK OF THE FRESHMAN'S HOPES.

'T was in the hall that from the Gym.

Leads to the tennis court,

That, near the stove, I met a cove

Who looked like a worn out sport.

His cheeks were hollow, his eyes were wild.

And weary and wild was he,

And this wretched chump gave his shoulders a hump

And croaked in a frog-like key:

"Oh, here's to the health of Ninety-five,
For she's the class with go;
Ninety-six are a set of micks,
And I am Hungry Joe."

And he jumped in the air, and an odor arose Of the beer from Theodore, And he picked up a bat and knocked the hat Of a Freshman to the floor.

Then I said to him with a dignified air—
"What's the cause of all this row?
Why do you maul these Freshmen small,
And why are you tipsy now?"

He puffed at the stump of a rank cigar
And grinned like the demon of sin,
And shoved back his hat and turned and spat
And finally started in:

"'T was the day before our Junior feed,
While we were all in "Lab,"
When the Freshman class thought they'd give some sass,
And our toast-master tried to nab.

- "They grabbed him and carried him out of town
 To a house in Catonsville,
 Where it's pretty far to the nearest car;
 And there he was kept by Bill.
- "Just about dark, when the sun had set,
 Lawrie turned to his guards and said:

 'If you fellows don't care, I'll get some fresh air,
 And then I will go to bed.'
- "And he walked to the door, with quiet step,
 Out into the cold, cold night;
 Before his guards came to catch on to his game,
 He had skipped and was out of sight.
- "He went through Ilchester down to the train, And soon he was home all right; The Freshies next day had nothing to say, But were all of them ready for fight.
- "I went down early to wait for the feed,
 And there in the banqueting hall
 The Freshmen were placed, just ready to taste
 The oysters in front of them all.
- "I yelled to the waiters to rush off the grub
 Before the Freshies could eat,
 And we picked up some chairs and chased them down stairs
 And landed them out in the street.
- "They went up and hid in an alley near by
 And waited for our men to pass;
 Then with yells long and loud they jumped on our crowd
 And joined in a wild struggling mass.
- "But we up and chased them for nearly a mile
 And knocked in their faces and hats;
 Then went back to dinner—and it was a winner—
 And, Lord, there were plenty of bats.
- "So here's to the health of Ninety-five, For she's the class with go; Ninety-six are a set of micks, And I am Hungry Joe."

ALUMNI SONG.

(Air—"Daisy Bell.")

There is a 'Varsity dear to us all—Hopkins! Hopkins!

From our first introduction to Thomas R. Ball. Mentor of J. H. U.

As Freshmen and Juniors and Seniors beside, Instruction we soon outgrew;

Seven groups in three years we completed with pride, And bade Alma Mater adieu!

Chorus:—Hopkins! Hopkins! to you we still are true!

Hopkins! Hopkins! loyal to Black and Blue!

Although we are students no longer,

Each day the bond grows stronger,

As Alumni we'll live and die

In our love for the J. H. U.

Born in the throes of the "P. H. E." Hopkins! Hopkins!

Matured to full honors through "L. E. P." By the grace of the J. H. U.

Extra courses—athletics, matriculate hops, And "fooling the Faculty" too;

Class rushes, sign stealing, and running from "cops," What fun at the J. H. U.!—Chorus.

There's a serious side which we must not forget, Hopkins! Hopkins!

The scenes are all fresh in my memory yet— Are they not so with you?

There Remsen, dogmatic, distinctly expounds, The difference bringing to view,

'Twixt mixtures mechanic and chemic compounds, As taught at the J. H. U.—Chorus.

The classical scholar plugs Latin and Greek, Hopkins! Hopkins!

Learns Hebrew to sing, or Chaldean to speak.

Like a native, at J. H. U.

He who dabbles in science, both pure and applied, No problem can set askew,

He's sure he can solve it, although he's not tried, Reliant in J. H. U.—*Chorus*.

Next in line Biolog's and the Y. M. C. A.'s, Hopkins! Hopkins!

A whole street between, so divergent their ways, At least at the J. H. U.

One vivisects cats and the others aspire

To cleave through the heavenly blue,

While they vow on each other a vengeance most dire

In the spirit of J. H. U.—Chorus.

When lectures were over, each man took his rest, Hopkins! Hopkins!

And loafed in the manner that furnished him best Relaxation at J. H. U.

To preserve jolly fellowship e'er was our aim, And that's what we e'er shall do,

Though our heads may grow white, yet our hearts feel the same Affection for J. H. U.—Chorus.



NOX EQUINA.

A DELIRIUM IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

Ye who love to study Nature, Study her in all her phases, Love to strain the eye and patience, Looking for things microscopic; Ye who love to sniff the odors From our semiputrid subjects. Listen to this tale of wonder Of the graduate called Noah. Small, and yet a stately figure, Moved the graduate called Noah, Sat on Mendelejeff's table Gazed upon his ark "The Reflex," "Would that some great work were shown me!" Quoth he, "so well I would do it, That the laboratory muses, Poly Sulphide, Ethyl Ether, With Rose Aniline and others, All would say that I am skilful, All would praise me for my learning. Would I were not Noah but Moses And could have "Mosaic vision!"

Hardly had these words been spoken When with wild and bushy visage Stood a man, so short in trousers That his ankles were uncovered; He whose mind is always crowded With some radicals organic, Plants with cube roots, plants electric, Trees of Porphyry and so forth,

- "Now I say, friend Noah," said he,
- "I some wooden legs would make me,
- "For I've cypress knees already,
- "If you would but go and get me
- "Many of the big, big cypress
- "From the lake of Okeechobee."
- "No! No!" cried the freightened student,
- "That's a task to you more suited.
- "Go yourself, you shall a Lot-see."

Then the apparition vanished.

But another phantom followed. Short and stout, but great in learning; Cap and gloves of sealskin had he, Though the day was mild and balmy; He had had his yearly hair-cut To the wonder of the freshmen. Then he spoke, "I have been thinking, "And it is a thing quite likely, "Salpæ conjugate with oysters "Thus producing the sea-serpents "Which are found in the Pacific. "Go and fish for these sea-serpents "In the wide Pacific Ocean." "No," the student cried in terror. "That's a task to you more suited; "Brooks towards ocean should be going." Then the apparition vanished.

But another phantom followed.
Short and slight and rather natty,
Easy, condescending manner,
Shouted first and then spoke softly,
Saying, "Draw the curve, I pray you,
"Which will show the point exactly,
"Where reflex becomes convulsive,
"In a dog on being beaten."
"No! no!" cried the shuddering student,
"That's a task to you most suited.
"We would call it curve of Howel."
Then the apparition vanished.

But another phantom followed. Hummed a tune and smiled quite broadly As he always did ere speaking.

- "Go into the laboratory,
- "Take an achromatic spindle,
- "Spin from it not wool but linin,
- "Wind the linen up quite carefully
- "On the ring called aromatic,
- "Then through alcohols well graded,
- "Stain it then with picro-carmine,
- "Methyl green and methyl violet,
- "Eocene and haematoxyl,
- "Oh, have pity," cried the student,
- "Curves are dry, but you are Dryer." Then the apparition vanished.

But another phantom followed. Smiled and bowed as he came forward.

- "Methods three have now been given,
- "For detection of proteids,
- "Biuret, Nanthoproteic,
- "Also with Millon's reagent.
- "But a method far surpassing,
- "And a method never failing
- "To precipitate in masses
- "Active, living protoplasm,
- "Is the use of orange peeling.
- "Go into the laboratory,
- "Near the top of the long stair-case,
- "Lay with care some orange peeling."
- "No," in agony he shouted,
- "That's a task to you more suited,
- "I am skilless, you are Able." Then the apparition vanished.

But another phantom followed.
Grim and solemn, awe-inspiring,
Cynical, suppressed his smile was,
Smile "in diagram" we call it,
Opened not his mouth, but, staring,
With pressed lips he whistled "Termites";
Whistled Termites and departed.

PART THE SECOND.

Down then jumped the joyful student, Called for Sam who came directly, Rather breathless, for he had been Turning hand-springs in the basement. "Get some plates of glass right quickly, "I a little nest will make me "That the closer and more easily "I may watch my white ants hatching. "Ants I said, though I meant Termites. "Then the nest must be surrounded "On all sides by moat of water, "Lest the ants, or rather Termites, "Should, their dwelling-place forsaking, "Wander down and pinch the 'Graces,'

"Atropoi, the section cutters, "Working in the laboratory,

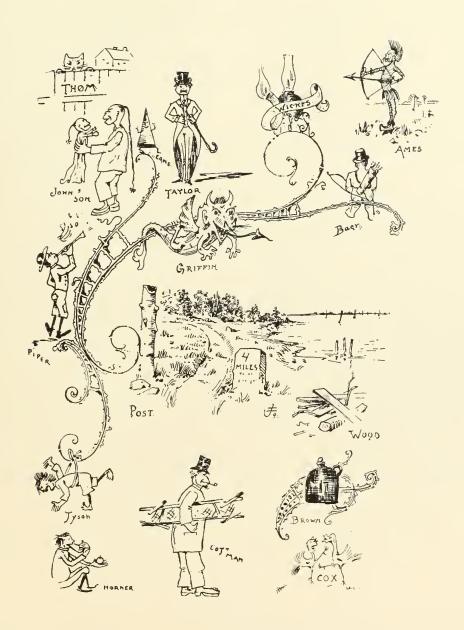
"Working very late it may be,

"While Lefevre's supper's cooling,

"Cooling, cooling, slowly cooling."

Soon the little nest was ready, Eggs of white ants, that is Termites, Placed he there with touch caressing. Day by day he came to watch them, With an opera-glass he watched them Looking through each end alternate. On one morning very early Came the student, always anxious, And with cry of joy he noticed Something moving in the water. This he thought to be a Termite Which into the moat had fallen. But it seemed to move quite freely! "What, can Termites live in water?" Then he looked through works of Westwood, Kirby, Spence and great Linneus, Harris, Say and Dr. Hagen. Then in desperation turned he To the work by Samuel Scudder On the fossil Neuroptera.

Nowhere could he find it stated That the Termite lives in water. Though he looked all day to find it. Then he cried, "At last I have it, "This must be an unknown genus: "Upon this I'll write my thesis, "And a sounding name I'll give it "'Pseudotermes aquacollis, "First observed by Joe-Joe Noah." Quickly called he Dr. A-e-s "Come and see my great discovery "'Pseudotermes aquacollis," "First observed by Joe-Joe Noah." Then the wise professor looking, Ghastly in its breadth his smile was, Coming not like gentle ripple But like tidal wave in ocean. Then 'twas gone and all was frozen, And, with mouth quite shut, he whistled. Whistled, "Culex," and departed. Quickly rushed the anxious student, Seized that standard work by Packard, Quickly turned the pages over, Saying: "What is Culex, Culex? "Culex? Culex means mosquitos!" All aghast and in a tremble Sought he then the open door-way, Hurried down with steps unsteady, Till he reached the lower hallway. Where he fumbled at the door-knob. Tottering, staggering he issued Forth into the dreary darkness, Where he heard the passing trollies Humming, humming like mosquitos. Let us leave him in the darkness.



Statistics of Minety=four.

Favorite Reading.	Hullabaloo,'94. Bohn Library. College Presidency. Husic and brama. Punctuality Ely's French and German Prince of Wales Innocence Abroad. The Class Poem Rhyming Dictionary. His shape How to Get Fat. Wanting Truth. A buggy with Principl s of Anatomy. His nether The Sheep's Skin. limbs. His shape Vanity Fair. Difference between Theory and Practice. 5 Accs Vanity Fair. Difference between Theory and Practice. Facs The Science of Ushering. Fly's Labor Movement in America. Miss As in a Looking Glass. Woman As in a Looking Glass. The Dean Society as I Found It. The Dean Pean Swift. Creole Love Bump On Bankruptcy.	Tom Thumb. Bartenders' Guide.
Ideal of Perfection.	Hullabaloo,'94 College Presidency. } Punctuality Prince of Wales The Class Poem His shape His nether His nether His shape Fure Logic \$ Acs Ilimself Woman Her Majesty The Dean Ditto Creole Love Song.	Ty.∵
Favorite Drink.	Everything Hullabaloo,'94 Anything Follege College cocktail. Purctuality 'Arf and 'arf Prince of Wale Nectar The Class Poen Condensed Wanting milk. Abuggy with ative. His shape Scotch whiskey His nether limbs. Cod liver oil His shape Cocktails. Purc Logic Champagne Arcs Mainthus Purc Logic Cocktails. Purc Logic Cocktails. Miss Moxie nerve Himself Soda water Woman Peptonized Her Majesty Hadinght oil The Dean S. S. S. S. Song., Vollege Love Lactic acid Song., Vollege Love	Jersey lightuing. { Schnapps
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His sideboards. The Tramp Abroad. Has none He can't say.	Drayton's Polyalbion.	Galton's Finger Prints.	Alice in Wonderland.	Police Gazette.	Bill Posters.	Chocolate Julia Marlowe Looking Backwards.		The Hair Dressers' Man- ual.	∞	Florence Dante's Inferno.	He shaved it off Baltimore American.	Rules of Order.	The "Blue Book."	A square meal. How to Get Strong.	The Man From Boston.	U. S. Pat. Office Reports.	Mustapha.	New Way to Pay Old Debts.	Decameron.	Dwight on Tennis.	Little Minister.	p, Depor	People 1 Have Smiled With.	L'homme qui rit.		Forms of Water (Tyn-dall).	The Blue Laws.	London Prize Ring Rules.	Calculus.
His sideboards.	What he can get Minor physics	Insignifices-	His hat	Dryer	Hire's rootbeer Auditorium	Julia Marlowe	Soothing syrup His hod	ne Monu- (mental. (``			He shaved it off	Virgil	J. M. V	A square meal.	Barrabas	His trolley	Campanini	Norfolk	His cur	Athletic Asso. (Tudor	Trull	Beau Brummel.	Ninety-four	Cronk	Automatic (Difto.	Corbett	Shakespeare
Taurocholic acid.		Sulphuric acid.	Alcohol (absolute).	Whiskey and Polynaris.	Hire's rootbeer	Chocolate	Soothing syrup	Night caps	Teetotler	Chartreuse	Ink	Electric fluid	Sherry	Gin	$C_2II_5(OH)$	Beef tea	Raw eggs	Hot water	Weak tea	Paregoric	Salvation oil		Embalming {	5	Rain	Never drinks	Coal oil	Mountain dew.	Spirits of wood. Shakespeare.
Travelling	Polysyllableism	Copying notes	Coming late	Repartee	Pressing bricks	Procrastination	Smoking	Shuffling	Managing	Funerals	Interviewing	Grinning	Dancing	Putting the tends of the tends	Boxing	Over-training	Howling	Stage-smiling	Cat hunting	Tennis	Burglary	Looking sedate	Smilling	Danse-du-Ventre.	Turning the	Historical essays.	Study	Teaching boxing., Mountain dew. Corbett	Flirting
	Mac	Puss	Little Henry	Wardie	Skinny	Judy		" O"	Ice Wagon	Dago	Reizy	Frank	Ruts	Simple Simon	Mugwump Strick	:	Lieutenant	Saunders	Pem	McStocker	Georgie	Earl	Smilax	He don't	Signal Service.	Jags	The Judge	Mountaineer	Chest
Mugwump Craft Mugwump Mac	Dem	Mugwump Puss.	Dem	Dem	Dem	Ind. Dem.	Dem	Dem	Dem	Dem	Dem	Rep	Rep	Dem	Mugwump	Mugwump Tede	Rep	Dem	Dem	Rep	Rep	Rep	Dem	Rep	Rep	Dem	Dem	Dem	Rep
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22	21	21	18	21	21	20	SI	61	21	21	20	21	20	20	25	20	25	61	21	21	21	21	20	21	23	21	21	22	21
II. T. Krafft A. E. Maccoun	E. P. MAGRUDER	G. S. MAYNARD	H. T. MARSHALL	L. W. MILES	N. II. MORRISON	J. S. Morss	W. A. NITZE	J. PIPER, JR	J. II. PURNELL	J. E. II. Post	M. Reizenstein	F. ROBERTS	T. R. RUITER	S. STEIN	E. II. Strickler	T. S. STRAUS	F. TAYLOR	J. S. TAYLOR	J. P. THOM, JR	F. McS. Thomas	G. H. TRULL	C. G. TUDOR	M. VAN V. TYSON	II. S. UHLER	W. D. WHITE	G. T. WHITFIELD	P. L. WICKES, JR	W. WINGERT	С. С. Wood

BRIC=A=BRAC.

Wanted.—By the Ph. D.'s, a job.

Notice!!! The management of the foot-ball team desires to announce that at the *conversazioni* in the tennis-court next fall, tea and cake will be served. The captain will be pleased to receive any information with regard to the team.

I will exchange a Tacitus' crib for a crib for Faust. Apply at P. O. Box 692.

Personal. — Doodle, come back and all will be forgiven.

THE FACULTY.

Charity.—Grocers will kindly forward their broken crackers to the Gym., where "Bummy" will take charge of them.

A TENNIS-RACKET to exchange, by a Hopkins student with gut guaranteed for two years, for a banjo owned by a member of the Club with a neatly turned ebony neck and head.

Wanted.—A civilized teacher of French; one who has no "tabelets" or phonetics preferred.

I will exchange a "one" in Dr. Brown's class for a "three" in Dr. Dreyer's; or I will exchange one "three" for three "ones" in any class. Apply at

P. O. Box 1200.

Wanted for the University. Clocks that click as one.

Personal.—A handsome young Hopkins student, of independent means, desires the acquaintance of a Woman College's student who must not be cross-eyed. Object, matrimony. Apply to

T. W. H.,

No Latin School Girls need apply.

Box 337, J. H. U.

Wanted.—A new leader of the Banjo Club when Père will have graduated.

Personal.—Will the young man who broke the window in the Gym. please communicate with the Office, where he will learn something to his disadvantage.

Wanted.—A pronouncing dictionary for Prof. E—m—t.

I will exchange a black and blue sweater, a good foot-ball reputation, a banjo, and many delightful memories of Clifton and of Theodore's for one sheepskin in good condition to be delivered by June 15, 1894.

LITTLE HENRY.

J. M. V.—It was an expensive undertaking to supply the Louvre with water, as it was built some distance from the river and had to be pumped up.

The Battle of Cassel took place on October 11, 1328; by the way, on my birthday.

What Mr. S. is struggling to express is-s-s- - ur - - ur - - eh - - - eh What is he struggling to say, Mr. F.?

Prof. A—ms.—If you go along the course of the Danube, you can see people who have been living there for centuries.

Programme at Athletic Exhibition.—Wrestling Match. Lilly vs. Nelson. Miss ——, of Woman's College, to her friend: "What does vs. mean?"

Prof. S— (calling roll).—Mr. F—r. Mr. F—r, I play.

ST—N.—Doctor, are Socrates and Plato varieties of the species man?

- J. M. V.—The courtiers thought that they could not be in the swim without bathing in the smiles of royalty.
- J. M. V. (speaking of the steppes of Russia).—There is nothing on earth there but grass and sky.

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COME ONE, COME ALL, ESPECIALLY THE LATTER.

FROM 9 A. M. TO 5 P. M.

FOR UNFAVORABLE REFERENCES SEE THE "NATION."



GRINDS.

"By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote."

-Emerson.

"There is no worse joke than a true one." - Spanish Proverb.

OUR CAMPUS. "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?—Thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?"

—Paradise Lost.

The Faculty. "God have merci on ther solls."—Chevy-Chase.

The President. "Why, I can smile,,

And cry content to that which grieves my heart: And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

And frame my face to all occasions "—Henry VI.

THE DEAN. "Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend."

-Pope : Essay on Man.

The Registrar. "There is something greater than the king himself, that sits behind the throne."—Chapman.

THE EDITORS. "You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come; Knock as you please, there is nobody at home." -Pope: Epigram. THE CLASS. "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."—Job. "Remote, unfriendly, solitary, slow." luniors. -Goldsmith: The Traveller. "At first the infant, Freshies. Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." —As You Like It. THE FEMALE MEDS. "Our maids shall ape Those monstrous males that carve the living hound, And cram him with the fragments of the grave, Or in the dark dissolving human heart. And holy secrets of this microcosm, Dabbling a shameless hand with sameful jest Encarnalize their spirits." —Tennyson: The Princess. "My voice stuck in my throat."—Aeneid. AMES "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine." Amoss. -Matthew vi. 6. "Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print; BAER. A book's a book, although there's nothing in't." -Byron: English Bards. "Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."—King Henry IV, Part I. BAKER. "I would the gods had made thee poetical." -As You Like It. "Who says in verse what others say in prose." —Pope: Epistle I. Baldwin. "Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known." -Samuel Johnson. BAUMGARTEN. "An ill weed grows a-pace." Chapman: A Humorous Day's Mirth. "Man wants but little here below nor wants that long."—Goldsmith's Hermit. Baxter. "Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad."-Farquhar: The Beaux' Strategem.

"Dogs, ye have had your day."—Pope: Odyssey.

THE GRADUATES.

That therefore only are reputed wise For saying nothing."—Merehant of Venice. "You would eat chickens i' the shell." Benson. -Troilus and Cressida. "Throw Physies to the dogs, I'll none of it." CAMERON. -Macbeth. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."—Endymion. "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found COHEN. wanting."--Daniel v, 27. "Laugh and be fat."—John Taylor. "I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to CONE. find you an understanding."—Boswell: Johnson. "Give me ocular proof, Make me to see 't; or, at least, so prove it, That the probation bear no hinge nor loop To hang a doubt on."—Othello. Conrad. "He's a sure card."—Dryden: The Spanish Friar. "Abashed the devil stood,"—Paradise Lost. "Of crooked counsels and dark politics." Corning. -Pope: Temple of Fame. COTTMAN. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."—Timothy. "Employment, sir, and hardship prevent melancholy."-Boswell: Johnson. Cox. "We should try to succeed by merit, not by favour. He who does well will always have patrons enough."—Plautus. "Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth, a stranger and not thine own lips." -Proverbs. DARRELL. "Ah you flavour everything; you are the vanilla of society."—Sidney Smith: Memoirs. "A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing." -Midsummer-Night's Dream. "Get money; still get money, boy, Dawson. No matter by what means." -Every Man in his Humour, Dobbin. "Hail fellow; well met."—Swift. "As merry as the day is long." -Much Ado About Nothing. Frank. "Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio."—Love's Labour's Lost.

"Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these

BECKER.

Griffin.	"A progeny of learning."—The Rivals.
	"Gods! How the son degenerates from the sire."
	—Pope: Iliad,
GRISWOLD.	"God loveth a cheerful giver."—St. Paul.
	"Words pay no debts."—Troilus and Cressida.
Hastings.	"Swift as a shadow, short as any dream."
	—A Midsummer-Nights Dream.
HAUSER.	"Philologists who chase
	A panting syllable through time and space
	Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
	To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark."
	—Cowper: Retirement.
Holloway.	"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."
	—Hamlet.
Horner.	"I'm called away by particular business, but I leave
	my character behind me."
	—Sheridan: School for Scandal.
Ingram.	"How happy could I be with either,
	Were t'other dear charmer away!
	But while ye thus tease me together,
	To neither a word will I say."
	—Gay: The Beggar's Opera.
Krafft.	"His cogitative faculties immersed
	In cogibundity of cogitation."
3.5	—Henry Carey: Chronontolonthologos.
Maccoun.	"His conversation was brief and his desire was to be silent."—Juvenal.
MAGRUDER.	"He multiplieth words without knowledge."
	—Job xxxv, 16.
MARSHALL.	"For my part, getting up seems not so easy
	By half as lying."—Hood: Morning Meditations.
MAYNARD.	"A harmless, necessary cat."—Merchant of Venice.
MILES.	"Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, wrapped in the
	solitude of his own originality."
	—Phillips: Character of Napoleon.
Morrison.	"Not body enough to cover his mind decently with;
	his intellect is improperly exposed."
	—Sidney Smith: Memoirs.
Morss.	"Hell is paved with good intentions."
	—Boswell : Johnson.
	"Procrastination is the thief of time."
	Young: Night Thoughts.

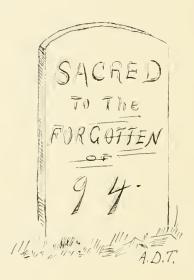
Newbold.	"Though Nestor swear, the jest be laughable." — Merchant of Venice.
NITZE.	"I am not now that which I have been."—Byron.
Piper.	"Baby, baby, dance my darling baby."—Wang. "A night-cap decked his brows instead of bay."
	-Goldsmith.
	A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.'' —Hudibras
Post.	"Open my heart and you will see Graven inside of it Italy."
	—Browning: De Gustibus.
PURNELL.	"Patience, and shuffle the cards.—Don Quixote.
REIZENSTEIN.	"A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk and
	will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."—Romeo and Juliet.
	"The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous,
	licentious, abominable, infernal.—Not that I ever
	read them! No, I make it a rule never to look into
	a newspaper."—The Rivals.
Requardt.	"To swear except when necessary is unbecoming to an honourable man."—Quintilian.
Roberts.	"A fellow that makes no figure in society, and has
	a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinaigre cruet." — Boswell: Johnson.
Rutter.	"My life is one demd horrid grind."
	-Nicholas Nickelby.
Spickler.	"That man may last, but never lives,
	Who much receives, but nothing gives,
	Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
	Creation's blot, creation's blank."—Thomas Gibbons.
STEIN.	"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
	Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."
	— Sidney Smith: Receipt for Salad.
STRICKLER.	"A man of strife and a man of contention." —Jeremiah.
Straus.	"Invention is unfruitful."—Burke: Speech.
TAYLOR, F.	"Nay, now you are too flat,
	And mar the concord with too harsh a descant "
	—Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Taylor, J. S.	"Base is the slave that pays."—Henry V.
	"I give thee sixpence! I'll see thee damned first."
	— George Canning.

and a hand to execute any mischief." -Clarendon: History of the Rebellion. THOMAS. "Now, by two-headed lames, Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time." -Merchant of Venice. THOMPKINS. "I am slow of study."—Midsummer-Night's Dream. "I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by TRULL. day-light. -Much Ado about Nothing. "A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience." —A Midsummer-Night's Dream. TUDOR. "Gravity is twin brother to stupidity."—Bovee. "Man, false man, smiling, destructive man." Tyson. -Nath. Lee: Theodosius. "O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain! My tables,—meet it is, I set it down, That one may smile and smile and be a villain." -Hamlet. UHLER. "He is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man."— WHITE. "He was of a lean body and visage as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it." -Fuller: Duke of Alva. "Drink, pretty creature, drink."—Wordsworth. WHITFIELD. WICKES. "His must be the music of the spears, for I'm cursed if each of it doesn't run through me." -Antony and Cleopatra. "Less prompt than prompted." —Daws: Witty Sayings. WINGERT. "And when you stick on conversation's burrs Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs." -Holmes: A Rhymed Lesson. "His Christianity was muscular." —Disraeli: Endymion. Wood. "Towering in the confidence of twenty-one." - Johnson: Letter.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade,

Тном.

EPITAPHS.



EEL.

This was the model student hard to find, At once a thinker and an awful grind. In Spencer, Porter, Hamilton, Ribot, He read all references the Dean could show. First was his stand here, first shall be his rank, Where'er he shows those pleasing features Frank.

LITTLE HENRY.

A form of adamant, a soul of fire.

Altho' the last was somewhat slow to ire,

Sweet, child-like, bland, with eyes as blue as Heaven,

A Greek god's curls 'neath hat a half and seven.

His height was six feet two, his nose was straight,

His deeds in foot-ball and in rushing great,

And now he's gone he still is called The Late.

WARDIE.

Here lies the former's shadow. As less strong, So lacking in most traits of right or wrong—
He loafed three years and negatively died.
Failing to be the President he tried,
In foot-ball scorned,—he never was a "sub"—
He proudly reigned as Captain of the Scrub.
Leave him forgotten. Safe from laud or laugh,
One boon he had—he wrote his epitaph.

SMILAX.

As smiles the mother on her sleeping son,
As smiles the villain on his mischief done,
Like "Zeus's gentle, all-embracing smile,"
Such was this grin compounded in its style.
What thoughts profound that massive brain might know,
The subtle lips sufficed alone to show,
And though the scoffers swore it made them riled,
How sad these walls since Smilax last has smiled.

THE JUDGE.

The man that hath not music in his soul, Get quickly hence, or teach his tears to roll. This the musician with harmonious sway, Taught all the lesser instruments to play. Small wonder souls attuned to singing spheres, Find trouble answering crabbed logic's snares. His name suggested light, yet e'er he sank, Whene'er he wished to rise in office-rank. Yet he remembered that revenge is sweet, And though he could not win,—he could defeat.

REUBEN.

He left us early from this vale of woe,
The good go young and so Bob had to go,
And so escaped full many a trial sore,
The faculty and future held in store.
This gives us consolation while we moan,
The jolliest classmate we have ever known.

HAIRY.

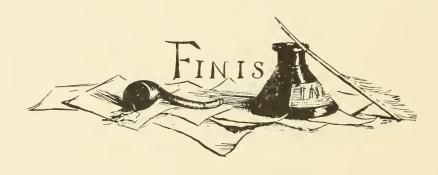
Artist and athlete, rather more the latter. Great was the fame he won his Alma Mater, (Yet for a time, as queer as it may seem, He gave it rather to the Franklin team). Skilled electrician, learned in all such arts. His magnetism drew him all men's hearts. As laboring man he had a chance to try Italia's sons but not Italia's sky. So Cosmopolitan, no wonder sure, He grew too large to fit in '94.

GEORGIE.

An honest, sober, quiet life,
For many years he led,
Amid the wild tumultuous strife,
That raged around his head.
But in his senior year, alas,
He joined in Vice's pageant,
Turned burglar, oft was drunk in class,
And ended as book-agent.

In concluding this the second of what promises to be an uninterrupted series of Hullabaloos, we, the editors, feel most of all its many shortcomings and defects. But, gentle reader, we feel sure that if you could appreciate the difficulties of our undertaking, you would pardon whatever mistakes we have been unfortunate enough to make.

THE EDITORS.



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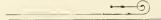
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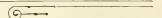
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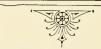
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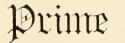
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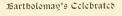
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